

THE AURORA.

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THE TRUE MOTHER A HEROINE.

E. M. E.

WERE I in search of the highest exemplification of true heroism, I would not turn my eyes towards the battle-field, nor follow the victor crowned with the laurel wreath, but I would bend my steps toward some quiet home, where the Mother of a large family is toiling to train up her children in the way they should go. If she is successful in this high and holy mission, she is more entitled to respect and admiration, than the hero of a hundred battles.

The heart of the civilized world has thrilled with sympathy in tracing the trials and hardships of the late Dr. KANE, in his Arctic Expedition, and thousands have admired his exertions and self-sacrifice in behalf of the sick and suffering of his crew. Far be it from me to detract one jot or tittle from the admiration so justly his due. I envy not the man or woman who can contemplate, unmoved, such a portrait of character as his narrative presents. But upon many, very many, mothers in our land, have hundreds as heavy been laid, and these have been borne with a self-forgetfulness and devotion to the interests of others not less admirable. It is altogether probable that the idea, that his adventure would one day find their way to the pages of a book, and go forth to elicit the commendation of the world, was present to the mind of the hero of the Arctic Expedition, and acted as a stimulant to his exertions, and a support under his darkest trials. No such stimulus has the faithful mother. She looks for no praise beyond the precincts of her own quiet home; she desires no reward but the

welfare of those dearer than her own life.

Often her physical energies are taxed to the last point of endurance, to promote the comfort of those committed to her care, and when sickness comes, she "watches the stars out, by the couch of pain," while her very life is consumed by an intensity of solicitude for the sufferer which none but a mother can possibly feel. Meanwhile, with every nerve quivering from the pain occasioned by this sleepless anxiety, she must continue to pursue the even tenor of her way; she must meet the numberless demands of her household, with a calm, unruffled brow, and when the weary night approaches, she must not look for rest. Again she must bathe the burning brow, and moisten the parched lips of suffering childhood, and watch with trembling anxiety the progress of disease in the beloved form whose every pang is felt by her, tenfold more keenly than any which can be inflicted directly on her own frame.

But if her care and watchfulness avail, if she is successful, by the blessing of God, in bringing her children safely through the dangers and sufferings incident to infancy and early childhood, then still sterner trials await her. Hitherto her children have been guiltless, innocent as the angels, and as she has fondly gazed upon their infant purity, it has seemed to her almost impossible that those little hands should ever be raised in anger, or that the fires of unholy passion should ever dart from those love-lit eyes. But now the latent seeds of depravity begin to show signs of germination, and indicate

too clearly that they are taking root in the heart, and that they will, ere long, bring forth their bitter fruits. How shall their growth be repressed? Full well she knows that a power not of earth, must be exerted ere they can be eradicated; but, at the same time, she feels that in an important sense, her children's destiny for time and eternity must be moulded by her course.

Well may she tremble in view of the weighty responsibility resting upon her. With painful interest, she watches the development of depravity in her children. How does her heart sink within her, when she perceives the very amusements and recreations she has provided for their happiness, made the occasions of injustice and oppression, of strife and contention. How shall she repress the evil, and cultivate the good in their nature? How shall she establish in their minds principles of truth and justice? How shall she form them to habits of self-control, and submission to rightful authority? As she glances forward to the future, and realizes the importance of these questions, and as she looks at the difficulties to be encountered, both from corruption within, and untoward influences from without, she is ready to exclaim, in anguish of spirit, who is sufficient for these things? Sad and hopeless, indeed, will be her case, if she has no access to a mercy seat, if she cannot go to her Father in Heaven, and ask wisdom and direction in the discharge of the most responsible duties ever intrusted to mortal on earth.

But, if sustained by an unfaltering trust in Him who has promised that as her day is, so shall her strength be, she goes forward in the faithful discharge of maternal duties, if she succeeds in overcoming all difficulties, and in forming in her children elevated characters, firmly based upon principles of Christian truth and integrity, then is her reward great. Then has she achieved a victory more honorable to herself, and more useful to the world, than any the conqueror of armies could ever boast.

I look upon a mother who has raised a large family, all of whom have become good, exemplary, and useful members of the community with feelings of reverence awakened by no other human being. Here is evidence of superiority which commands involuntary homage. I care not to enquire

whether she was known in the circles of fashion, or whether the world called her an accomplished woman, but if all her children are *true* men and *true* women, whose names will be an ornament, and not a blot upon the fair page of humanity, then do I respect and honor her.

Think you, dear reader, such a mother ever felt that *her* sphere of action was too circumscribed? Think you, she ever sighed for the privilege of mingling in political strife? Believe it not! If politics go wrong, it is because mothers have failed to raise up citizens of the right character to manage the affairs of the Republic. It is because all mothers have not been as successful as the mother of Washington, in rearing patriots and statesmen.

The best remedy, for all the evils of Church and State, is to be found in the successful discharge of the duties of the fire-side.

LIFE SKETCHES.

NARRATIVE OF A POOR SEAMSTRESS.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

PART I.

"I was born in London. My father and mother were both very poor, it being as much as they could do to keep starvation from crossing the threshold. I expect starvation is a very frequent visitor among the poor of London; indeed, I think it has sometimes crossed over to America.

My unfortunate life began, then, in the old country. I was five when my parents emigrated to the new world. My little brother Bob was three, and Jenny, my sister, not quite a year old. I just remember our crossing in the great ship; how sick my mother was, and how my father tended little Jenny, who was very restless, and cried a great deal. I was quite happy, not being old enough to know what trouble was. When we landed in America, my mother was better, and father, having, I expect, a little money, went away and hired a room. Before night we were all snugly housed, though we had no furniture but a bed. The next day some new chairs, a stove and a table came home, and I felt rich and proud, for I had been so long accustomed to broken and patched household goods

that I thought we must have grown suddenly wealthy, and so I said to my mother.

I do not recollect that she either smiled or looked pleased at my remark. My mother was a very pretty woman, her eyes were blue, and her hair very dark, worn smoothly over a clear white brow. She never had any red on her cheeks, except when she worked very hard, but it did not stop long. She wore a sorrowful face; her conflict with want had been so hard and cruel that it had taken all joy from her heart. After I was quite grown I learned from my father that my mother had not always been so poor. That she was the daughter of a tradesman who was in comfortable circumstances, but had incurred his lasting displeasure by marrying a poor bricklayer, when she had several good chances. So poverty was a new and great trial to her, especially as she was very delicate. But love for my father made her brave enough to dare the ocean and its terrors for the sake of what might be beyond.

For a long time my father was out of employment. It was dull times, and a great many emigrants were in the city looking for work. One day he took his leather purse out and counted his money. One dollar was all he had; I stood by and thought if I only had one of those beautiful, shining pieces, how rich I should be.

"Is that the last, Robert?" my mother asked.

"The last cent in the world, and what we shall do, God only knows, after to-morrow; I can get no work." He began walking the floor.

My mother said softly, while her lips quivered, "don't be discouraged, Robert."

All at once he broke down. "Its no use, Mary, no use in the world; I am tired of struggling;" his head fell on his hands, and his voice broke into awful sobs.

I never was so frightened in my life. I threw my arms about his knees, crying and screaming to see his anguish, while my pale mother tried to comfort us both, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

With such painful scenes, my memory is but too rife.

My father at last procured work, but not until he had been obliged to incur several little debts. Alas! those dark hours! I wonder at myself if I ever smile, for surely

I saw only distress and the struggles of despair during my childhood. And yet I believe my merry laugh, manufactured out of nothing, often cheered my poor mother. Sometimes I had but a crust of dry bread, and a drink of cold water, for days and days together. It would have been different, for my father was getting good wages, but he was taken sick with a terrible rheumatic fever, which kept him two months in the house. O, that time! The neighbors were very kind, but they did not know how much we suffered for the want of food. No wonder my mother grew so thin and weak! and when my father left his sick bed, she took her's. Days, weeks, months—a year passed, and there in one small room in a house crowded with occupants, might have been seen a tall, attenuated man walking the floor with a babe in his arms, his face as white as that upon the bed in the corner. Crouching together near the fire-place, behind the stove, sat two little children, my miserable self, and little brother Bob. Sweet, though worn, was the face of the dead. She had died, that patient, uncomplaining mother, with a smile on her lip and a look that said, as if it saw already, the angels waiting—my troubles are all ended.

My father was broken-hearted. From his infancy he had never known one moment free from carking care; and here was the consummation of all his fears, toils, miseries. His had been no ordinary love for the gentle being who had left all for him. He was one of the most affectionate men that ever lived, and tormented himself daily with the thought that he had brought suffering upon his Mary.

"But for me," he would say "she might have been alive and happy."

Ah, me! that sad, sad funeral! Little Bob and I stood wondering why we had come so far and brought dear mother nailed up in that box. In vain they told me she was dead; I could not comprehend the word.

And when they lowered her down into the deep grave! O! the agony of that moment!

I sprang to the grave's edge, catching at the ropes, while I shrieked in agony, "don't put her in the hole! don't put her in the hole! it is my mother!"

Bob, too—poor, motherless, little Bob, lifted his hands imploringly towards the undertaker, but his voice was choked by heavy sobs. My father groaned as he lifted me from the spot, and then seeing that I was adding to his anguish, I hid my face in his bosom and tried to stifle my cries.

Was not our home a cheerless one that night? O! alas, alas! Dear babes of seven, who hold a mother by the hand, little know what it is to miss that hand be it ever so thin and cold, or hot with the burning fever. They little know how morning would seem, uncheered by that voice, though low and feeble; how night would appear unlighted by that loving smile. I am thirty-eight now, but a strange choking feeling—no, *not* strange to me, on second thought—comes in my throat when I see a little child clinging to its mother's garments.

Well, what was to become of three helpless children, of seven, four and two years? Sweet little baby with its scarlet cheeks and blue eyes so like mother; she my father must board out. Little Bob, too, he must board him, and Mary—O! they must all be together still.

Not so, said a Mrs. Coldwater, a smart looking elderly lady, who had seen me several times on my way to school, and had taken a fancy to me. She was married, very well off, and had no children. She asked me of my father. His heart yearned to keep all his little doves together, but O! it was such chance for Mary! So he called me to him, stroked back my hair, and told me of my new fortune. I had been schooled to submission, but then I wept and prayed to stay with him. I would grow up and be just *like mother* to him, I pleaded. He had not the heart to resist my tears; but Mrs. Coldwater was so importunate that at last he said if she would clothe and school me, I might live with her, but he couldn't give one of his Mary's children away; O, no! he couldn't do that.

She consented to this arrangement, and I entered upon a life of martyrdom. O! how often I have thanked God that he did not give me to her!

Not that she meant to be cruel, or even cold, but she had ideas of her own, respecting the management of children, and I was, therefore, an experiment. Summer

and winter I must be up at a particular hour, just upon sunrise; sick or well, it made no difference; and then I must take, in the summer, a refreshing, but in winter an ice bath, that put me to the torture beyond the power of language to express. It would have been a very good discipline for some children, but to me who inherited my mother's fragility of constitution, it was just a little short of death, and the cause of a life of anguish. As I feel the excruciating pains that rack my whole body at times, I think of those dreadful balls when blue and stiff, I was not allowed to go near a fire—allowed nothing warm to drink, allowed only a crust of coarse bread, when the table was invitingly spread, allowed only clothes enough to cover me decently, and all this to harden me. It was not strange that instead of keeping round and healthy, I became thin, stooping and ugly, with a rim of deep purple under my eyes. I was always hungry, always yearning for a sweet, gentle, motherly word; and yet I kept my trouble from my father. I heard his cough, saw his hollow cheeks, and would not worry him.

Meanwhile Mrs. Coldwater pursued her plan of torture, but fortunately she taught me how to sew neatly, and gave me some opportunity to attend school. I was always shy and distant, how could I help it, brought up as I was? I believe my father, even, came to think me very cold and unloving, but O! God knows what deep, deep fountains of tenderness lay in my heart; and they never had the smile of love let down to draw them out; at least not when I was a child.

Time passed on; little Jenny was six, and I was almost twelve when my father gave up work. A hard, harsh cough had settled upon him, and it seemed that he must die. Slowly but surely the truth came home to me, and I sat up in my bed of nights shivering at the thought, and wondering what would become of Bob and little Jenny. Jenny was provided for. The good woman who had so long taken charge of her, said that she should be to her as a child, and my father, as my mother had done, sank into the arms of death with a smile. Poor little Bob, the child of ten was bound out to a carpenter, and I continued with Mrs. Coldwater. But my can-

the light is burning so dim that I can write no longer to-night. Besides the room is cold, and I feel chilly even under this coarse shawl. To-morrow night I will take up my pen again.

A DREAM.

BY INDA.

Original.

It was midnight, and as I lay upon my couch, the bright moon shedding its soft radiance over me, I dreamed. I thought that, leaving my body behind, I departed. On, on, with the rapidity of thought I flew, till the beloved hills of my native land receded far into the misty distance; on, on, till the waves of the Atlantic were left far behind, and I trod the classic shores of Greece. Impelled by something I could not resist, I passed hurriedly on, by the ruins of the noble old cities, by the places where were enacted those scenes in the lives of Lycurgus, Epaminondas, Solon, Plato, Socrates, Demosthenes, and a host of others, giving them scarcely a glance, until I stood at the foot of high Olympus. Grand, sublime in its proud glory it stood, a fit residence for its immortal occupants. Up, up, to its highest pinnacle I proceeded, and there I beheld, what I had previously regarded as a myth, the gods of this far-famed region. They had, it seemed, been indulging in a cozy nap, for sixteen centuries, and the world jogged on, very well without them. Suddenly they perceived me, and instantly I was besieged with questions. Soon, however, a deep-toned voice sternly commanded silence, and, restraining their curiosity, they obeyed. Turning to see who ruled in that motly throng, I found myself in the presence of Jupiter and Juno. Seated on a flaming throne, holding in his hand the sceptre of the Universe, with the red thunder-bolts forged by the industrious Vulcan, and his one-eyed Cyclops, lying at his feet, he seemed worthy to rule. A dark cloud on the brow of Juno, the angry flashing of her eyes, her look of intense scorn, showed plainly that something had disturbed the calm of her connubial happiness.

At first my impulse was to kneel, but remembering that I came from a land of freedom, and had declared I would bow the

knee to none, save One, I refrained. Jupiter appeared astonished to see me stand fearlessly and independently in his august presence; but at length his curiosity obtained the better hand of his indignation, and he designed to question me.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

Proud I had always been of my native State, my native land, but never more so than now.

"I am a Tennessean! a citizen of the United States of America."

Astonished beyond measure were the deities. "Tennessee! America! where and what are they?" were the questions they asked themselves; but no one was able to answer.

After a pause, for Jupiter, unwilling to display his ignorance, was silent, Juno exclaimed:

"What and where is America?"

"It is situated across the Atlantic from Europe," I replied; "was discovered in the year 1492, by Christopher Columbus, from Genoa, a city of Italy; was named for Americus Vesputius, and has now become *one* of, if not *the* most powerful nation on the face of the globe."

"So it appears man has at last discovered that mighty continent which we had concealed from him," said Jupiter, musingly; and then turning to me, said, "Who is your greatest man, your king?"

"Every man, woman and child is its sovereign; we have no king. The government is administered by two assemblies together, called Congress, elected by the people, and the chief in authority, though far from being the greatest at present, is a man, called a President, elected every four years by the people. Our present one is Buchanan; he is the fifteenth."

"Who ever conceived such a glorious plan?"

"'Twas the work of many; but the principal former, was our first President, George Washington, 'the Cincinnatus of the West'—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; or, as we Americans delight to call him, 'The Father of his Country.'"

"What God do you worship?" Jupiter next asked.

"The Great Ja, who rideth on the wings

oft he wind, and maketh the clouds his pavilion."

"Does your nation, then, *dare* not to worship me?" and Jupiter half arose from his seat, fixing his eagle eye, blazing with wrath, on me, till it seemed as though he would burn his angry scorn into my very soul.

"It does. We regard you, and the deities around you as fancies conjured, up by the minds of the Greeks and Romans, but which never existed."

"Juno, is it true?" said he, turning to her.

"How do I know?" she answered scornfully; "did I not sleep, too?"

"And the other nations, do they still worship me?"

"Not one; even your beloved Greeks and Romans have abandoned your worship, and now adore the lowly Jesus of Nazareth, whose disciples you persecuted."

Juno's proud lip curled in scorn, and she said bitterly:

"Yes, and look at them, *then* and *now*. *Then*, the masters of the world, noble, intellectual, FREE; *now*, a degraded race, ground into the earth by the iron heel of their oppressors—and those oppressors are *Christians*, followers of the *meek* and *lowly* Jesus! How changed since the days of Cicero, Scipio, Cæsar, and Virgil! Has Christianity improved *them*?"

"I acknowledge," said I sorrowfully, "Christianity—if such can be called Christianity—has far from benefitted them. But do you remember the ancient Britons, so rude and barbarous, who fought Cæsar so bravely? They and their descendants are now the most powerful nations extant, and all through the benign influence of Christianity."

"Has Christianity made better generals than ours?" queried Mars; "what conquerors have you had?"

"Many: George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Duke of Wellington, Peter the Great, Charles XII and V, and many others."

"Had they any statesmen, orators?"

"Yes. We of America alone have had many—Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Everett, Patrick Henry, Rutledge, and others."

"When had you as great poets as Homer,

and Virgil and Heroditus, and Juvenal?" questioned Apollo.

"Greater than they—not greater but their equals, viz:—Milton and Shakespeare and Goethe and Bryant and Longfellow."

"There was a pause, and then Jupiter exclaimed:

"What does your nation say of me?"

"It says you are a faulty, hot-tempered god, unworthy of ruling the Universe."

A dark frown swept across the brow of Jupiter, at the reverence paid him by man, when Juno, with all a woman's curiosity, enquired:

"And what of me?"

"You are, in our estimation, a haughty, imperious goddess."

"Well, and what's their opinion of me?" asked Mars, the renowned god of war; but to me he seemed far from equaling the pen portraits of him drawn by the olden poets. "Of you? not much any way. A poor, weak, imbecile god."

"Me, also?" said Venus, giving Cupid a box, "What of me?"

"They disregard you, utterly, and give the preference to Minerva."

"How do they regard me?" asked Cupid, swinging his bow around.

"Not at all. They speak enough, too much, of you; but still pay no heed to your sharpest arrows. They have even joined Hymen to Plutus."

Cupid's bright-eye flashed, and he said:

"You say I and my mother are disregarded, and the preference given to Minerva—I will show that I have *not* lost my control over the children of men, and henceforth my sharpest arrow shall be directed at the devotees of Pallas."

Next came Bacchus, and sorrowfully I replied to his query:

"Ashamed as I am, candor compels me to state, that you have hundreds, thousands, aye, even millions of followers, and their number is daily, hourly increasing. Others regard you as the worst of deities, and wonder why, instead of the useful Vulcan, Jupiter had not hurled you head-long from heaven."

"And how do I stand in their estimation?" said Minerva.

Genius in her bright, blue eye, grace in her slightest movement; wisdom stamped on her every feature, she seemed far more

lovely, far more beautiful than her proud sister Venus.

"I am proud to say that you are highly regarded," I replied, "and year by year your followers are increasing. Often are the beautiful, slighted and neglected for one of your worshippers. Although man is still much influenced by externals, yet charms of mind are now more valued than formerly."

"What say they of me?" said Hygenia, stepping forward, the glow of health on her cheek, and a charming lightness in her step.

"They disregard you utterly; there is not a god or a goddess more neglected. Women, disobeying your known laws, go to balls, operas, &c., with their persons so exposed as to render death certain to ensue. Children while very young are stuffed with rich cake, candies and other indigestible food. Forgetting utterly that their digestive organs require rest, as well as their limbs and minds, they tax them without mercy, and at all times. Youth and maidens are kept in doors, for fear that, in their natural glee in breathing the fresh, pure air of heaven, in their merry playfulness, they might break some point of 'etiquette.' The light of the sun and the winds of heaven, so necessary for the health, both of men and plants, touch them not—and why? Because forsooth their *complexions* might be ruined! Oh! misguided parents! oh, unhappy children, whose health is sacrificed to looks. Sent to balls, young girls remain till the stars grow dim before the King of day, giving no time to nature's sweet restorer to refresh and invigorate the weary frame."

While I was speaking the goddess had drawn up her tall form to its greatest height, her dark eye flashing scornfully, and as I finished, she said sternly:

"Listen! Hear the future destinies of those who dare disregard my laws. I *will* have my revenge. My laws shall *not* be lightly trampled upon. Those children shall grow to man and womanhood, but their constitutions shall be ruined, their happiness destroyed, their usefulness blasted. Consumption, or some other servant of death shall seize them, and they shall pass away like the morning cloud, and the early dew."

Next Hymen came; and to his inquiries I replied: "Never fear. There's no reason to believe *you* will be forgotten, espe-

cially in Young America. The great danger is, that you will too much engross the time and conversation of those who should be paying their devotions at the shrine of Minerva. I would advise you, Hymen, to prove unpropitious to all, save those who have won laurels at the hand of Pallas, if you would maintain the dignity of your godship."

Hymen nodded a smiling assent, and begged me to bear a word to the young masters and misses of America:

"Tell them," said he, "that I do not consider myself honored by the attentions of children; but if they will at present give their time and attention to Minerva, I will be happy to wait on them when they arrive at years of discretion." "Well, what say they of me?" queried Plutus.

"Very much, and that is flattery. Your followers are becoming more and more numerous. Every year, those even, professing to be disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus, become more and more your devotees, and worship at your shrine, with more devotion than did the ancient Greeks and Romans. Notwithstanding the God whom they adore has said: 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' Even ministers, teachers of His Holy Gospel, leave their sacred calling, and become merchants, lawyers and teachers for your sake."

"What!" said Jupiter, with a sneer, "Do you pretend to be better than our worshippers, and act in such a manner? None of *my* priests ever *did* or *dared* to do such a thing. Does your deity only give advice, does he not punish those who leave his priesthood?"

"He does; but not in this world, and they love Plutus so much as to sell themselves, soul and body to him."

The other gods, one by one, questioned me, and I answered all their interrogatories, when at length a stronger burst of light fell on my astonished eyes. I started up, and awoke. It was late. The morning sun shed its brilliant radiance over me, and, instead of the cliffs of high Olympus, I saw around me, the common-place objects of every-day life—and behold, it was but a dream.

BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE, Murfreesboro', Tenn.

From the Boston Olive Branch.
BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

He sat on the lofty highlands,
Or climbed to the eagle's nest;
Wore the mountain rose in his helmet,
The chamois skin on his breast;
He laughed at the vivid lightning,
And worshipped the thunder's roar,
Grew wild with joy when the black sea-waves
Burst over the frightened shore!

She was a meek-eyed woman,
She lingered in lowly vales,
And gathered the dew-wet daisies
That grew in the cozy dales;
She trembled when raged the tempest,
And paled at the angry sea,
For her soul was attuned to the low, rich strains,
Of Love's sweet melody.

He fought for the love of conquest—
Was first in the battle's brunt;
He bore down the mail-clad warriors
Like deers in the forest hunt!
And they crowned his brow with laurel,
And thundered his name to the world
And wrote his fame in letters of fire
On the flag his valor unfurled.

Her life was a calm, flowing river,
Going bright and pleasantly on;
Her world was the cottage and meadow,
Walled in by the blue horizon.
She soothed every heart that was weary,
And kissed off the tears of the sad;
O, many a spirit that good woman made,
To rise up from grief and be glad.

He died, as dieth the hero,
Unflinching, fearless and brave;
Defying the waiting death-angel;
Defying the wide, hungry grave;
She died, as the soft summer sunset
Goes out o'er the hills of the west;
Put her hands in the hands of her Saviour,
Her head on pale Azriel's breast.

O, who in the time that approacheth
Shall mete out to each their reward?
Which one has done best with the talents
Vouchsafed by the hand of the Lord?
Will HE wear the crown of the conqueror?
Will HER brow be bound with joy's glow?
Will he, or she gain the true happiness?
Ah! who that is mortal may know?
FARMINGTON, N. H.

WHEN Mary Morton was a bride,
The lily with the rose-tint vied;
But now on lovely Mary's face,
The lily only has a place:
It is because the absent rose,
Has gone to paint her husband's nose.

CHARGE TO THE MINISTER'S
WIFE.

DELIVERED AT THE ORDINATION OF HER HUSBAND.

MY DEAR SISTER,—You have just listened to the interesting and appropriate charge delivered to your respected husband, and before he receives the hand of fellowship, it is enjoined upon me, by the council, to *charge* you with special reference to your duties as wife of the minister. The time was, when this was deemed unnecessary, as it was supposed that the charge to the minister *alone* was all that was demanded. But this mistaken notion belonged to a day of darkness. A brighter era has dawned upon us. The intellectual developments of the present are far superior to any of the past, and as the necessities of the churches have increased in somewhat of a similar, though not exact ratio it is now imperatively required that a minister's wife should be inducted into her office as *pastoress*, by a solemn charge at the ordination of her husband.

It will be your duty to prove yourself a *helpmeet* for your husband under his weighty responsibilities as a minister of the Gospel. You are to remember, that while other wives are to devote themselves more particularly to household matters, and the economy of the domestic circle, you, are to *help* your husband and the church. You are to employ others to attend to the little matters at home, while you will use your talents and energies, most assiduously, in the great work to which he has consecrated his life. However, to be more specific, I remark,

1. It will be your duty always to cheer your husband amid his trials, by counsels of kindness, by delicate attentions, and by the tenderness of affection. Bear in mind that he will often feel discouraged, by the untoward circumstances constantly springing up in the minister's pathway. At such times, prove yourself a refreshing, and strengthening cordial to his drooping spirits. Never add to the burden of his sorrows by fault-finding, especially in the family; but keep every thing, that is disagreeable and annoying at home, a secret in your own heart's core. As a pastor, he will be con-

stantly swimming in a sea of trouble, perplexity and grief, consequently, you must never look for any sympathy from him, but always have a heart full of it for him. No matter if *your* cares are legion; no matter if the salary only *half* supports the family; no matter if you have such an abundance of "Olive Plants," that you are driven to your wits' end to find room for them round about your table; no matter if you feel that health and strength and life are rapidly departing, and that the grave is soon to be a welcome relief and rest; never breathe one word of it to your husband—never, in his presence let even the slightest shade flit over your countenance; but wear one continued, sunny, cheerful smile, for if you do otherwise, the church will justly complain that you are recreant to your duties, as the wife of their pastor.

2. You will ever be ready to assist your husband in the study. If at any time his hand becomes wearied by the constant writing down of the brilliant thoughts that flow from his fertile brain to his fingers' ends, you will kindly apply *your own fingers* to that toil, and allow his thoughts to run a less painful distance, i. e. merely from the brain to the lips. Help him! write for him night and day, and, if he desires it, at last transcribe his sermons for him upon *beautiful gold-edged paper* for the pulpit, as it is said, is done by a female hand, for the Rev. Henry Melville of London, of world wide celebrity.

3. As regards meetings, it will be your duty, invariably, to be in the house of God three times on the Sabbath. The weekly prayer and conference, the covenant, the church business, and all the stated meetings of the church you will regularly attend.—Whether it is summer, or winter; whether it is cold or hot; whether it rains or snows; whether your head aches, or your back aches, or your heart aches, you must never, *never* be absent from these meetings. Of course you will be present every time the maternal association convenes, and uniformly make an interesting and instructive speech upon the duties of mothers, showing the vast importance of training up their children in the way they should go. It is needless for me to remark, that the female prayer meeting you will take under your

own special charge, making it so inviting and useful, that every sister in the church will be present, unless actually prevented by the Providence of God.

4. You will by virtue of your office as pastoress, be President of the Female Foreign Mission Society, Female Home Mission, Education, Bible, Moral Reform, Anti-Slavery, Martha Washington, and every other ladies' society of the church or congregation; and you will esteem it your duty and privilege to labor in every possible way for their benefit.

5. In relation to the Sabbath School, you must be instant in season and out of season. It will be your duty to teach a class, and to teach in such an interesting, entertaining and instructive manner, that your scholars would sooner lose a right hand or a right eye, than be absent a single Lord's-day. You must also be a pattern to all the other teachers, and especially set them a good example, by being invariably at your post, and always five minutes before the school commences.

6. As to visiting the church and society, you will call upon every family, at least, once a month, and however much you may be wearied at any one particular time, by a long walk, or calls and conversations, you must in no case whatever, pass by any house in which a member of the church, or congregation resides. And particularly must you find out every new family that moves into the city, within a mile of your church, and visit them before they have been here a week.

And finally, should any one be so uncourteous or unkind, as to intimate that you *neglect* your family in the least, you must consider such an aspersion, as well as every other slander, as a part of that trial, which *you* need to discipline you in the school of probation. In fact regard all the buffetings, and reproaches, and difficulties you meet with in laboring as a faithful co-worker with your husband, as a portion of that tribulation through which *you* must enter the kingdom of heaven.

I charge you then my sister, take heed to these words; keep these things in mind, and be an humble, self-denying, prayerful, devoted pastoress of this goodly flock.—

Then will your own bosom be filled with comfort ; then will your husband be honored, and then will this ancient church say. — *What a good wife we have ordained with our minister.*

CARL

Original.

THE OPIUM DREAM.

[From an unpublished MS.]

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

She was very ill. I had watched anxiously by her couch through that long, long night, and now in the gray morning, she slept under the influence of a powerful anodyne. The convulsive start, the moan of intense pain, the wanderings of incipient delirium, were all quiet now. One delicate hand, lay outside the counterpane, the other with a passive grace, nestled upon her bosom, and her sweet, pale face, from which the rich golden hair was put carefully away, gleamed up from the lace of her pillow, like a pallid star from the foldings of some snowy cloud. I bent over her, and listened, as the mother over her slumbering babe. I could but catch the breathing, regular, yet faint, and like the pulsations of an infant's little life. Yet I knew that the crisis was past, and the large tears which gathered to my eyes, shut out for a moment her sweet, white face. I arose and opened the shutters a little way, letting down again the sweeping curtains, and a soft light poured into the apartment. Again, I sat down by her side to watch. I noted a great change had passed upon her countenance. The cold calm of deep and dreamless slumber had passed away, and the radiant expression, like a light from within, evidenced that the soul was again at work. I know not how long I watched her thus—possibly an hour, though it may have been much less. I took no note of time, so entirely absorbed was I, in contemplating the changes of her almost speaking countenance. Her expression was, at first, full of a weary, and then a touching sadness; then it was wonder and admiration not unmingled with awe, and, anon, it betokened the spirit's ineffable joy. Her face becoming perfectly radiant, with that inner light

breaking up from within, the soul shining through transparent clay, till it looked angelic in its super-human loveliness. I surely did not mean it, and yet, with an impulse I could not resist, I bent over, and pressed my lips upon her radiant brow. As if I had touched some hidden spring, her eyes flew open, and the clear orbs, yet full of an unearthly brightness, gazed steadily into mine. "You have kissed me back from Heaven," she said, with a gentle smile; and then added, after a pause, "Yes; I died, (and went *almost* to God!" For a moment, my heart sank like lead in my bosom—she was still delirious. But again her clear, expressive eyes looked into mine, and I felt that there could be no mania there. She took up my hand, and pressed it feebly.

"Do not feel troubled about me; I am better now. But I have had a dream—such a glorious dream; it will linger with me forever. Listen—" "Do not talk now, dear Blossom," I said, "the doctor says you must be very quiet." She closed her eyes slowly for a moment, then looking up again, said, with the same sweet smile, "I *must* talk—I was so happy!" I made no reply, only to press her hands in mine, and she went on: "At first I thought that I suddenly found myself in a great city, in the center of an open square, which was thronged with countless multitudes of people. From this square opened a broad street, lined on either side with stately buildings, and at the end of the long vista a Titanic temple towered towards heaven. The whole space was a sea of human beings, whose current swept slowly forward to the temple. As for myself, I was conducted along the center of the street, by two female figures, shrouded in long sable robes, their features doubly concealed by black masks and veils. The crowd passed round us on every side, and what particularly struck me was the fact, that every one was draped in sable hue, with the exception of myself. My costume, which was a bridal dress, afforded a strange contrast to that of my companions. A flowing robe, of snowy satin, covered with delicate lace, with a cloud-like veil of the same gossamer, which fell to my feet. I felt that there was something else upon my head, also, for it seemed to bind my temples, and oppress me unto

pain. Amazed at the singular situation in which I found myself, I timidly inquired of one of my guides the meaning of this unwonted pageant. 'This,' she replied, in a low, sweet tone, 'is the march of Time.' 'And whither are we tending?' 'To the masquerade of Death!' The answer a little startled me, yet I felt no fear, but moved on as if impelled by the invisible arm of destiny. I looked around to discover some familiar face, but if even you, dearest, were near me, I knew it not; for the faces of all were hidden by the close black mask, and the forms shrouded in mantles of the same sombre hue. The coronet upon my temples seemed now to press into my brain like heated iron, and pained me greatly. I put up my hands, and, taking it off, was surprised to find it only a simple garland of laurel leaves. Marvelling that a thing in itself so trifling, should so oppress me, I was about to cast it away, when one of my conductors, silently taking it from my hand, placed it again upon my brow. It increased the pain in my head, until, as we marched along, my brain became so bewildered, I scarcely realized that we had reached the entrance of the great temple. Ascending a flight of marble steps, I saw you standing within the vestibule. You were in your ordinary dress, and leaned dejectedly against a great column, with your broad hat pulled quite down over your face. I strove to advance toward you, but my feet seemed chained to one particular, straight forward track. And my guides, taking each an arm, led me steadily forward. Oh! how I longed to throw myself once more upon your bosom—to ask you to come with me—but no; at the door the rushing multitude was stayed, and with the exception of my two conductors, I entered the temple alone. The lofty dome, cut, seemingly from solid snow, stretched far above us, supported by a circle of stupendous, black columns, and the floor was a beautiful mosaic of white and black marble. At the farther extremity of this immense hall, and upon a 'great, white throne,' sat a colossal figure, with half extended wings, sculptured, as it were, from alabaster. It gave no sign of life save that the large, mild eyes looked down upon me with an expression of 'infinite pity and infinite love. Leading me about midway the hall, my

conductors whispered: 'Behold the Angel of Death! we, your life-angels, bid you farewell;' and I was alone. Breathless with awe and reverence, yet without one throb of fear, I advanced, still impelled by some mysterious agency. When I stood at the foot of the throne, the figure bent down towards me, and with a sweet, sad smile upon his lips, and a glance in his eye such as the mother gives the babe that slumbers on her bosom—he gave into my hand a few pearl-white blossoms. They were bell-shaped, and almost transparent, much resembling the beautiful monotropas, which we used to gather in our childhood, under the old beeches at Shadyside. As I instinctively inhaled their pungent perfume, the sharp and subtle odor seemed to thrill upon every chord of life, I felt the crumbling away of this mortal body, the uprising of the soul from its prison-house of clay! The sensation was not that of pain, or distress—it was but a *dissolving*, a 'melting into air.' In a few moments the great change had passed—'this mortal had put on immortality.' The temple, the throne, the kind Death Angel, had passed from my vision forever, and I stood, nay floated in an atmosphere warm and luminous, and musical, and perfumed with the odors of Paradise. Light, fleecy clouds, bounded my view on every side, caught up here and there with garlands of flowers, all white and shining, as if formed of crystal. The air about me was light—all light, there was no shadow, and yet there was a variety in it—a light, and a deeper light, contrasting as whiteness does when we view it in the magnolia blossom, the summer cloud, and the clear, far-shining ice-berg. And this luster, too, was neither that of the sun, nor moon, nor stars, but more like the brilliancy, warmth, and purity which lie crystalized in the heart of the diamond. A fairy enclosed in the *Koh-i-noor*, might possibly find herself in such an atmosphere. But no language can express to you the exultant joy of my soul. I felt that I was, indeed, a new being. I was not borne aloft by wings—to use them would have seemed laborious—but I floated in the lustrous atmosphere by mere volition. My hair rippled down about my shoulders like threads of liquid amber, and my limbs were white and translucent like the icicle, yet warm and

flexible, and full of a strong and exulting vitality. The only thing of earth which yet clung to me was the laurel crown; but it no longer pressed painfully upon my brow; in truth, I was scarcely conscious of its presence there, although the fading leaves had been changed to precious and imperishable emerald. Wrapt in ecstasy—filled to overflowing with that joy which “passeth understanding,” I exclaimed to my own soul, “this, then, is the house of God—this is the gate of Heaven!” and I poised myself to soar in search of that great fountain of light, the throne and presence of Jehovah—but that moment I felt *your* kiss upon my brow—and oh! LEON, you have called me back from Heaven!”

FOREST HOME, 1857.

WHAT A LOVELY GIRL.

E. M. E.

SOME fourteen years ago the Rev. Dr. B., of New York, passed a few days in our town, and became domesticated in the family of a friend. “What a lovely girl is Miss B.!” said he to the writer, “I have not seen a young lady in a long time I admired so much.” This eulogium referred to a sister of the hostess, who was residing in her family. Such a compliment, from one so competent to judge of real merit, might well bring a glow of satisfaction to the cheek of any young girl. But how had Miss B. contrived to make such an impression upon the venerable guest?

Anxious to learn what, in his view, constituted female loveliness, I questioned him in regard to his reasons for the opinion he had just expressed. He replied, “Her sister, Mrs. —, is, at this time, in very feeble health, and her infant daughter quite ill, and I was struck with the self-forgetfulness with which Miss B. devoted herself to the sick child, and the watchful solicitude she evinced to relieve her sister of all care, in providing for the comfort of her family and guests. The idea of being noticed, did not seem to have entered her mind, nor did she appear to consider herself of consequence to any one, farther than she could, in some way, contribute to their pleasure. This unselfish devotion to the happiness of others, forms such a delightful contrast to

the self-conscious manner of too many young ladies, who seem to think themselves the observed of all observers, that it is truly refreshing to witness it.”

“Don’t you think Miss C. is a very lovely girl?” said a friend to me, “I met her for the first time, last week, at a small party given by Mrs. V., and I was very much pleased with her appearance.” “Anna C. is very brilliant in company,” I replied, but I could not, in conscience, say I thought her lovely, for I happened to know something of that young lady, which forced me to a very different conclusion. I did not tell this to the person with whom I was conversing, as I did not wish to proclaim her faults, or lessen the favorable impression she had made. But as years have since passed away, I will venture to tell you, fair reader, in the hope that you may be led to avoid her errors. Anna C. once said in my hearing,

“I hate to mend above all things, I always leave every thing of that sort for my mother to do.” Here was an index to a selfish character. She was willing to free herself from tasks that were disagreeable, and lay the burden of their performance upon her affectionate and self-sacrificing mother. But this was not all. I also remembered to have passed a night in her father’s house when that kind mother was indisposed.

After supper, Mrs. C. was seated in a rocking chair, by the parlor fire, pale, and with marks of suffering upon his languid brow. “Anna, my dear,” said she, “I wish you would go to the piano, and play and sing for me. Music is better than medicine for me when I am ill, and I feel so nervous to night, that I am sure it would do me a great deal of good.” “O! mother,” said Anna, in a petulant tone, “don’t ask me to play, I’ve played over my old pieces till I’m tired to death of them, and you know I’ve had no time to learn any thing new lately, and besides, I’m so hoarse I couldn’t sing if I were to try.”

An expression of pain passed over the face of the invalid. She doubtless thought of the sacrifices she had made, that Anna might perfect herself in the elegant art of music. She had done the mending and the making too, when every stitch was a weariness, in order that her daughter might

have plenty of leisure for practice. She said nothing, but with a heavy heart, and languid step, she left the parlor, and retired to her own chamber, perhaps to weep there over the ingratitude of the child, she had cherished with such tender affection.

In a few minutes the door-bell rang, and two young gentlemen were ushered into the parlor. Anna was now all smiles and animation, and when asked to favor her visitors with a little music, she entirely forgot that she was tired to death of her old pieces, and she also suddenly recovered from her hoarseness. After a little affected hesitation, she went to the piano, and entertained her company long and well, with the harmony of sweet sounds.

Miss B. is now Mrs. ———. In the relation of wife and mother, she is an example worthy of all imitation. With a heart alive to every human sympathy, she is lovely and beloved by all who know her. Home is the center of her joys, and the principal scene of her exertions, but her kindness is not limited to her own family circle. She is one to whom you can go, in trouble or in joy, with the confident assurance of finding her not too much self-absorbed to lend a sympathetic ear, or if need be, a helping hand. A ministering angel is she, sent to bless our fallen state.

Anna C. is also now, a wife and a mother, but she is a heartless, selfish woman, devoted to fashion, and willing, at any time, to sacrifice the best interests of her family, for the sake of gratifying her own love of display. She is far more concerned about the shade of color in the trimming of her bonnet, than the shade of guilt in the conduct of her children. Her husband, poor man! I pity him.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, when being asked what he intended to do with his girls, replied—I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society."

THE JUDGMENT DAY.—Never forget the judgment-day. Keep it always in view, Frame every action in reference to its unchanging decisions.

Original.

HYMN.

BY MRS. M. ARMSTRONG.

Awake my harp, to praise the Lord,
Let ev'ry string his glories tell;
O praise him for his holy word:
Let ev'ry note with praises swell.

Oh! praise him for redeeming love,
A love beyond all pow'r to scan;
For us he left the courts above,
And stoop'd to dwell with sinful man.

He suffered much, that we might live,
To love, adore and praise the Lord;
To rescue man, his life he gave,
And thus fulfill'd his Father's word.

Let Afric's heathen sons awake,
And learn to sing redeeming grace;
Let India's tribes this grace partake,
Praise him, ye long benighted race.

Let Islands, long in bondage chained,
No longer bow to gods they make;
But hear the gospel loud proclaimed—
The Savior died for man's own sake.

Oh! all ye nations praise his name,
Come sound aloud each tuneful lyre,
And join the angels in the strain—
They praise him in a holy choir.

THE QUAKER'S CORN CRIB.

It is a hard task for poor human nature to return good for evil, but when the difficulties in the way are surmounted, the results are most satisfactory. They attest the wisdom of the divine law, and suggest the thought, that great offenders might frequently be reformed, if, in accordance with the scriptural method, coals of fire were heaped on their heads. One of our exchanges tells a good story of a Quaker, who ventured to experiment on this method of reform:

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a Quaker. Every night he would go softly to the crib, and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Quaker's toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile. This was very annoying, and must be stopped—but how? Many a one would have said, "Take a gun, conceal yourself, wait till he comes, and fire." Others would have said, "Catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But the Quaker was not prepared to enter into any such severe measures. He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time

bring about his reformation if possible. So he fixed a sort of trap close to the hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting corn.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unholy errand at the hour of midnight with the bag in hand. Unsuspectingly, he thrust his hand into the crib to seize an ear, when lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it. In vain he tugged and pulled, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it the more secure. After a time the tumult in his breast measurably subsided. He gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping soundly in their comfortable beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his heavy eyes would have closed in slumber, but no! there was no rest, no sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at once desire and dread, the return of morning. Morning came at last, and the Quaker looked out of his window and found he had "caught the man."

What was to be done? Some would say, "Go out and give him a good cowhiding, just as he stands, and then release him."

But not so, said the Quaker. Such a course would have sent the man away embittered, and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes and started at once to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"Good morning, friend!" said he, as he came in speaking distance. "How does thee do?"

The poor culprit made no answer, but burst into tears.

"O, fie!" said the Quaker, as he proceeded to release him; "I'm sorry that thee has got thy hand fast. Thee put it in the wrong place, or it would not have been so."

The man looked crest-fallen, and begging forgiveness, hastily turned to make his retreat.

"Stay," said his persecutor, for he was now becoming such to the offender, who could have received a blow with much better grace than the kind words that were falling from the Quaker's lips. "Stay, friend, thy bag is not filled. Thee needs corn, or thee would not have taken so much pains to get it. Come, let us fill it," and the poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag, while the old fellow filled it, interspersing the exercise with the pleasantest conversation imaginable; all of which were like daggers in the heart of his chagrined and mortified victim. The bag was filled, the string tied, and the sufferer hoped soon to be out of the presence of his tormentor, but again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay," said the Quaker, as the man was about to hurry off, having uttered at once his apologies and thanks. "Stay, Ruth has breakfast ere this; thee must not think of going without breakfast; come, Ruth is calling."

This was most unendurable! This was "heaping coals" with a vengeance! In vain the mortified neighbor begged to be excused. In vain he plead to be released from what would be to him a punishment ten-times more severe than stripes and imprisonment. The Quaker was inexorable, and he was obliged to yield.

Breakfast over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim shoulder the bag, "if thee needs any more corn, come in the day-time, and thee shall have it."

With what shame and remorse did that guilty man turn from the dwelling of the pious Quaker! Every body is ready to say that he never again troubled the Quakers' corn-crib. I have something still better than that to tell you. He at once relented, and my informant tells me that he afterwards heard him relate, in an experience-meeting, the substance of the story I have related, and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Quaker had pursued, to arrest him in his downward course.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.—It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

Original.

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES.

—
NO. 1.
—

MY DEAR GIRLS,

I wish you to consider this correspondence as strictly confidential, and especially do I request, that you should not let your male friends see what I write, for I wish to feel at liberty to say just what I please, to you, about the "lords of creation," and many other things which do not concern them. It is quite possible, I may say something which would give offence to their masculine dignity, and as I have many highly esteemed friends belonging to that class of human beings, I should regret, exceedingly, to incur their displeasure.

You have, doubtless, observed that many of your number, when by themselves, are very much in the habit of talking about beaux and sweet-hearts, and joking each other about certain gentlemen of their acquaintance. Now I would like to convince you, that this practice is a very unwise one. In the first place, it is unprofitable conversation, and consequently a waste of time. It is far less improving to your minds, than many other topics, of which intelligent young ladies may always avail themselves, to fill up leisure hours. It is a good rule never to say any thing in the presence of ladies, which you would deem improper if a gentleman were present. In the second place, by this habit of talking about love and lovers, girls do themselves a great deal of harm, by filling each other's heads with all sorts of silly notions. It makes them awkward and constrained in the presence of gentlemen, and ready to construe every act of civility into a mark of particular regard. I once heard of a girl whose mind was thus pre-occupied, who, when a gentleman offered her his hand, to help her over a ditch, blushed and stammered, and at length said, "I have no objection to accepting your hand, sir, if you will obtain the consent of my parents."

It is far better for you to keep all thoughts of love and matrimony, out of your heads, until some one, whose prerogative it is, shall ask you directly to entertain those ideas. If you will do so, you may enjoy a very pleasant and profitable social inter-

course with the single gentlemen of your acquaintance, and be saved from many a mortifying predicament.

But, while you may very justly esteem it a privilege, to converse with intelligent and worthy young men, and desire it as a means of improvement to your own minds and manners, be very careful not to attach too much importance to receiving attention from the other sex. Do not let them know that you particularly desire their society, for, let me tell you, gentlemen are the most obstinate and contrary creatures in all creation, not even mules excepted. If they think you are anxious to attract their attention, they will be pretty certain to bestow their attentions elsewhere. If you give them the impression, that you would like to have them talk to you of love, and propose marriage, then you may be sure those are the very things they won't say one word about. The fact is, gentlemen have no idea of being accommodating in these matters. They will turn away from girls, who strive to attract them by every art their ingenuity can devise, and then almost break their necks to obtain others, who have manifested no special regard for them, but who have sufficient self-respect, and consciousness of their own merit, to wait until they are sought, before they are won. Such is the perversity of masculine nature. Men have, somehow, got the impression, that fast girls don't make the best women. Many of them believe that modesty, and that delicacy of feeling which would instinctively shrink from undue forwardness, are essential to the character of true womanhood, and that the absence of these qualities is a defect for which nothing can atone. And it happens to be the best specimens of masculinity, those whom you girls would regard as the greatest catch, who entertain such sentiments. So, I entreat you, my dear girls, don't be fast, you will gain nothing by it, but you will inevitably injure your own prospects. If gentlemen choose to converse with you in an agreeable manner, enjoy it, and try to profit all you can by their superior intelligence, but be certain that you do not remind them, by your manner, that you are candidates for matrimony. You can not do so, without loss of dignity and self-respect.

Young people have facilities for the on-

joyment of social intercourse, which they can not have when the arduous duties, and unceasing cares and perplexities of after life are pressing upon them. It seems a pity they should not make the best use of that season which can come to them but once in a life-time. My own impression is, that there is less of really pleasant and profitable social intercourse between young ladies and gentlemen than there ought to be; and it is doubtless, in part, owing to the very prevalent habit among young ladies, of viewing single gentlemen in the light of possible future admirers and husbands. Gentlemen aware that they are thus regarded, are deterred from seeking the society of ladies, lest their motives should be misunderstood. Many a worthy young man, separated from mother and sisters, would gladly find scope for the free exercise of his social feelings, in congenial female society, and if he could be allowed to do so, he might both impart and receive benefit, for he has a superior intellect, and fine conversational powers. But he knows very well, if he should call and enquire for Miss A. it would not be ten minutes before that young lady would be cavassing in her own mind, the question, how he would suit for a husband. But, as he does not aspire to any such post of honor, at present, he would prefer not to trouble the lady with so important a decision. If he calls on Miss B., she is all confusion, and wonders when he intends to pop the question. And thus the poor fellow is forced to seek for companionship elsewhere, and it is well for him, if he does not fall into that which tends to degrade him. Now, this state of things, which involves so much loss, both of pleasure and profit to all concerned, arises, in a great measure from the foolish habit girls have of joking each other, in consequence of which they are led to attach undue importance to the notice of gentlemen, and indulge in dreamy fancies about love and marriage, before those subjects have been properly presented for their consideration by the rightful authority.

But I fear, my dear girls, if I pursue this subject farther, I shall make this letter so long as to weary you, and then, perhaps, you might not be inclined to read the one I intend to write you next month. So I will bid you good-bye, for the present.

Your affectionate friend, EUGENIA.
MURFREESBORO', Dec. 1857.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO LIE.

A short time since I went to a daguerrian room, taking with me a baby-boy, whose fleeting face I wished to secure, before months had changed, as well as improved its expression. As I sat waiting the convenience of the artist, a couple of ladies entered the room, accompanied by a little girl of about two years old. The morning was rather chilly, and the child looked blue and cold.

"Take me, mamma," said she, after a moment of gazing about her, and evidently not pleased with the view, "take me, mamma," and the little arms were raised up beseechingly.

"There, do be still, child," said the young mother pettishly, "I don't want you."

The little girl began to cry. "Sissy don't want to stay here, mamma," said she, "want to go walk."

The mother's manner instantly changed at this dangerous aspect of affairs. "O, yes, dear," said she coaxingly, taking the child in her arms, "stay in this pretty room, and have off her cloak and hat."

"No, no, sissy go walk, sissy go walk," persisted the little thing, in a still more alarming manner. "Sissy *won't* stay here."

"There, there, mother will take sissy to walk, and buy pretty candy, come," and the two went into the street, and after a short absence, returned, the child holding a fanciful sugar basket, of painted, poisonous candy in her hand.

"There, *now*, sissy will stay, won't she?" and both mother and aunt commenced trying to coax off her outside clothing. But the little lady was obstinate, and not appreciating the superior beauty of bare neck and arms on a cool morning, resolutely declined their overtures.

"O dear," said the mother, in a despairing tone of voice, "I don't believe we shall be able to get them off, and shall have to go home without having her taken, and after our long walk, too, 'tis *too* bad."

"O, mother," I thought, "why not take your little one on your knee, and gently, but firmly, make her do as you wish, and, if she resists your authority, let her see that it will be of no avail. Rather, why have you not taught her this before!" But my reflections were interrupted by a renewed attempt to accomplish the desired end.

"Sissy take off her cloak, *nasty* cloak and hat," said her mother, accompanied by a corresponding expression of countenance.

"Sometimes," said her aunt, turning to me in explanation, "if you call her things '*nasty*' she will throw them off as *quick*."

Poor, poor little child, I thought, is not this world evil enough, will not its sinful influences be sufficient to draw thy young heart away from God and truth, without thine own mother being the one to lead thee first astray?

At last, by the united efforts of mother, aunt, daguerrian artist and a gentleman who happened to be in, and who good-naturedly exhibited an illustrated newspaper to the admiring eyes of the imperious little creature, the delicate and difficult operation was successfully performed, and the offensive cloak and hat fairly off, and laid carefully out of sight. When once pleased and interested, the little girl presented a fine, open countenance, gentle and pleasing in its expression, and I could not but feel sure that all that she needed, to make her a lovely and happy child, was a wise mother's firm, truthful control.

I have often since then thought of that little scene, and wondered if the young mother's eyes would ever be opened to her folly. If in after years she should see her darling growing up deceitful and disobedient, would she think with remorse of the time when her own lips gave her the first lesson in wilful sin? What a direful mistake it is to suppose that these little creatures do not understand in part, at least, the bearing of such things!

We hear a mother one moment telling with supreme satisfaction, of the remarkable intelligence and sweetness of her child, and the next, if some act of disobedience be performed, or a falsehood told, exclaiming, "O, he does not understand, of course; he is only a *baby*!"

We believe that children of two years old, and even less, can be taught to be truthful and obedient, or the opposite. We speak from actual observation and experience, not theory. We believe that seeds of honor and obedience may be sown in the tender soil of an infant's heart, which nurtured by prayers, and watered by tears, will bring forth fruit of rich promise in childhood and youth. We doubt not that there

are many mothers, who are now mourning and weeping over sons and daughters, who are wandering in by-ways, who, if they could see rightly, would have to blame themselves *first* for their departure from the paths of rectitude. And O! that that most blest and happiest class of beings, newly made mothers, might be led to lift their hearts above, in intense desire, that God would help them to lead and direct these little immortals, committed to their care, from the earliest dawn of conscious intelligence, in the habits of obedience, honesty and truth. True as the magnet to the steel, would such a cultivated conscience turn from temptation to the sense of right, or, if for the moment, overcome by evil influences, be ill at ease, and soon be obliged, for their own comfort, to confess the sin and beg for pardon, and once more commence the struggle with evil. Woe to the child, whose mother teaches it by known example, to despise the truth, and woe to the mother whose child shall not learn from her to love and honor it.—*Watchman & Reflector*.

THE OTHER SIDE.—Once in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said:

"Mother, you took all the care of the baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill, now mother, who took her on the other side?"

"On the other side of what, Alice?"

"On the other side of death; who took the baby on the other side, mother; she was so little she could not go alone?"

"Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is he who took little children into his arms to bless them, and said, 'Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!'"

BAD LUCK.—I never knew, says a popular writer, an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and good industry, seem impregnable to the assaults of all that ill luck ever dreamed of.

"WHICH WAY THE TWIG IS BENT."

A shrewd observer of social morals recently remarked, that family government is as general now as in former days, with this exception, that the government is in the hands of the children, instead of the parents. It must be confessed that parental discipline is little enforced in American homes; that with the fathers absorbed in money-getting, and the mothers in pleasure-seeking and money-spending, many children are sadly neglected, and in imminent peril of being ruined. The Cincinnati *Gazette* gives the following episodes in the life and training of a fast young man:

CHAPTER I.

"What! stay at home for that squalling young one? Catch me to." And the young mother threw on a bonnet and shawl, and humming a gay air, sauntered out on the promenade. One and another bowed and smiled, as she moved along, flushed, triumphant and beautiful. A young man met her just as she was passing out the shop of a well-known firm.

"Ah! out again, Deliah," he said earnestly. "Where is Charley?"

"With Hannah, of course. You don't expect me to tie myself to him," she returned.

The young man's face grew cloudy. "No," he returned with a half sigh; "but I can't bear to have him left with servants."

"O! well, I can," she said, and with a radiant smile left her husband hard at work, and flitted off.

CHAPTER II.

"Answer all his questions? make myself a slave, as I should be obliged to? O, no, can't think of it. If I give him his breakfast and plenty of playthings, I consider my duty done. I don't believe in fussing over children; let them find out things as they grow up."

"There's the danger," replied the dear old lady, casting a pitying look upon the richly embroidered cloak her son's wife had been bent over all day, "they'll find out things that ruin them, unless the mother be constantly imparting the right kind of knowledge."

"O, you want to make him a piece of perfection, like his father; well, I can't say

I do. I don't like these faultless men. See—now isn't the contrast beautiful? Come here, Charley, lovey, he shall have the handsomest cloak in the whole city."

CHAPTER III.

"A cigar! bless me, what a boy, and only twelve! Are you sure you saw him smoke it. Well, I dare say it made him sick enough; boys *will* be boys, you know."

"Yes, but to think you should allow him to go to the theatre without my knowledge!" and the husband groaned.

"Dear me! why what a fret you are in, do let the child see something of the world."

CHAPTER IV.

"In jail! my God! husband—not our boy!"

"Yes, in jail, for *stealing*!"

"Not *our* boy! not *our* Charley! no, it cannot be! Let me die—kill me—but don't tell me our Charley is a thief."

The boy was sentenced to the State's prison, and the mother may yet be carried to the lunatic asylum.

"DO NOT SCOLD."

Mother, are you burdened, weary,
Worn with labors manifold,
Nerves unstrung and heart uncheery,
Sleep and rest, but do not scold.

Are the servants rude and naughty?
Doing never as they're told;
Careless, impudent and naughty,
Then dismiss them, but don't scold.

Are your children fretful, crying,
Mischievous, both young and old,
All a mother's patience trying:
Chide, reprove, but do not scold.

Is your husband—as too often
Husbands are—stern, distant, cold?
Strive by kindness him to soften,
Weep and pray, but do not scold.
[Mother's Journal.]

FAMILY AFFECTION.—It is an interesting fact that the word *piety*, among the old Romans, meant family affection, whether on the part of parents or children, or of brothers and sisters towards each other. And as the word seems to be used in the only case where it is used in the New Testament, 1 Tim. 5:4, where speaking of "children and nephews," the apostle says, "Let them learn first to show *piety* at home, and to requite their parents; for that is good and acceptable before God."

THE CURL OF GOLDEN HAIR.

I have a little treasure,
More beautiful to me
Than aught of gold or silver,
Or brightest gems I see.
'Tis not a costly jewel—
In casket rich and fine—
Nor yet a thing of value,
To other hearts than mine.

And still I deem it priceless,
More precious far than gold;
More beautiful and lovely—
Than earthly joys all told.
'Tis not in iron coffers
My treasure safe I keep,
And though it's prized so highly,
I often o'er it weep.

In a closely folded paper,
And laid away with care—
Lies a little sunny ringlet,
A curl of golden hair.
With beauty once it shaded,
A fair and lovely brow;
And though long years have wasted,
Methinks I see it now.

How oft my finger pressed it,
And twined it o'er and o'er;
And wet with tears of anguish,
SUCH TEARS can flow no more—
For the angels came and called him
To live with them above,
While my heart was all o'erflowing
With a mother's earliest love.

Then, O how sad and lonely
Was everything to me;
His playthings all were gathered,
For those I could not see;
We put away his cradle,
With his little cushioned chair;
And my heart, like them, was vacant,
For hope had withered there

In the dark cold grave we laid him,
Where the weeping willows bow;
And of him this precious relic
Is all that's left me now.
Is it strange that I should love it,
And guard it well with care;
The little glossy ringlet,
The curl of golden hair?

KEEP THE MIND ACTIVE.—Jeremiah Mason once said, "Unless a man occasionally tax his faculties to the utmost, they will soon begin to fail." President John Adams said to Mr. Quincy, who found him reading Cicero, "It is with an old man as with an old horse; if you wish to get anything out of him, you must keep him at work." These two rules, so far as intellect is concerned, contain the secret of a green and vigorous old age.

A WESTERN WEDDING FEE.

A minister settled in one of our western villages, in which the primitive manners of pioneer life, had not been smoothed and polished by refinement and cultivation; was seated in his study one day, endeavoring to arrange the heads of to-morrow's discourse, when his attention was called by a loud knock at the door.

The visitor proved to be a tall, gawky, shambling countryman, evidently arrayed in his Sunday suit, and a stout girl attired in a dress of red calico, which, from the frequent and complacent glances toward it by the fair owner, was considered quite a magnificent affair.

"Wont you walk in!" asked the minister politely.

"Much obleeged, squire, I don't know but we will. I say, you're a minister, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I reckoned so. Betsy and me—that's Betsy, a fust rate sort of a gal, anyhow—"

"Oh, Jotham," simpered the bashful Betsy.

"You are now, and you needn't go for to deny it. Well, Betsy and me have concluded to hitch teams, and we want you to do it."

"You wish to be married?"

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, before we begin, let's know what is going to be the damage; reckon it is'n't best to go it blind."

"Oh, I never set any price, I take whatever they give me."

"Well, that's all right; go ahead minister if you please, we are in a hurry; as Joe's got to finish a plantin' the tater patch, afore night, and Betsy, she is got to fotch the butter."

Thus abjured, the minister commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few minutes.

"Kiss me, Betsy," said the delighted bridegroom. "You are my old woman, now, aint it nice?"

"First rate!" was the satisfactory reply.

"Hold on a jerk," said Jotham, as he left his bride abruptly, and darted out of the gate where the wagon had been left.

"What's your husband gone out for," asked the minister somewhat surprised.

"I expect it's the sassages," was the confused reply.

Just then Jotham made his appearance, dangling in hand a pail full of the sausages, which he handed to the minister, with the grin of one conferring a favor.

"We hain't got much money, and so we thought we'd pay you in sassages. Mam made them and I reckon they are good. If they ain't you just send them back, and we'll send you some more."

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

BY ALMA MATER.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

"Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

In a room, darkened with rich and heavy curtains, a woman of a pale, sweet countenance sat employed in knitting. A little crib stood near, in which lay a babe not yet a month old. Its little head was uncovered, and undisfigured by cap or frill; its features were pretty, and its expression strangely fearful for so young a stranger.

For fourteen long years there had not been heard the steps of children in that home—therefore happy was the wife and mother, as she contemplated the curious wonder, and her heart went up often in thanksgiving to her God, who had vouchsafed so precious a gift.

As she sat thinking and smiling, toying with the needles and the yarn that lay in her lap, the door opened, and a grave, pleasant-looking man entered, walking, of course, directly up to the minature man sleeping on the little couch, surveying him delightedly, touching the tiny fists that were doubled up in the delicate coverlid, and then seating himself, he began conversing with his wife.

"My dear," he said, in a mild, low tone, "I'm going to give your boy away."

The young mother seemed startled by this unusual announcement, and gazed uneasily in the face before her; but seeing it retained its

calm and placid expression, she smiled as she asked—"And pray to whom are you going to give our babe?"

"To the Lord Jesus Christ," replied her husband, in a low and solemn voice, that coupled with his manner, brought tears into the eyes of his wife.

"Certainly," she replied, after a moment, "I am perfectly willing."

"Remember, we must give him unreservedly, as Samuel was given, holding ourselves in readiness, should he manifest the disposition to go away on his Master's business to the far off lands of heathenism, to part with him, though he be dear as the apple of our eyes. Do you think you are willing for this?"

"I am willing to bring him up for the Lord," replied the mother, reverently, "and then whatever He wills, I am ready to do."

"God bless you," replied her husband; "now let us kneel together and solemnly dedicate this, our first gift, to Him—you will join me," he added, seeing that there was a lingering manner not in accordance with her promise.

"Henry!"

The dark eyes were turned towards him, the white hand laid beseechingly on his arm.

"Well, my wife!"

"I dare not lay this gift upon the altar yet."

"Dare not—why, Mary, what has come over you? Dare not trust God? dare not have faith?"

"Henry, your brother."

"And what of him, pray; is he to come between us and our sacred promise?"

"I fear he will—if—"

"Say on, Mary, what has this haughty, resentful brother of mine to do, in order to retard the blessing?"

"There is trouble between you, Henry."

"True, but was it of my brewing, or seeking? Have I ever said one resentful word to him, or of him? Did I do wrong to use my own as I pleased? Believe me, Mary, God exonerates me; it is Charles who is wholly to blame."

"O! but, my husband, you are brothers, and yet you meet and pass without speaking. It seems very dreadful to me. If this dear babe could but effect a reconciliation."

"Mary, you know my brother is very rich, very haughty, and very worldly. He would laugh to scorn the proposal we have made. How could this innocent child change the determined man of nearly threescore?" No, Mary, let us do our duty—I have nothing against him—my heart harbors no resentment."

"But, Henry, He said, 'If thy brother hath aught *against thee*, first be reconciled to thy brother.'"

"True—but I cannot stoop to ask forgiveness where I have done no wrong."

"At least strive for a better understanding—dear Henry, have you ever done so?"

"No, I have never felt it to be my duty."

"Let this innocent creature plead with thee, my dear husband," said the wife, lifting the babe, who had just wakened—"look, little angel, look towards thy father, and ask him if he can allow a sentiment of pride to bar thy way to Christ? Forgive me, Henry, I fear it is pride."

The husband was looking down. His arms were folded over his manly chest—his cheek flushed, and the working of his lips betrayed his internal struggles with conscience. He was communing with himself, and the wife pressed her babe to her bosom, while a silent, pleading prayer went up, that her beloved might have grace to do what was clearly a duty and a command.

"Father—I say, father!"

"More softly, Tommy; I am not deaf, child."

"Well, father, Cad and I want to go to the theatre to-night. Will says he'll take us."

"No, decidedly!" said Charles Carroll, lazily, putting on his elegant dressing-gown and slippers. "You have been to the theatre twice this week, and that is too often. It has nearly been the ruin of Charles, if not quite. He is a good-for-nothing, extravagant, reckless, improvident fellow, and you will follow in his footsteps, I suppose."

"O, pa!" cried a younger juvenile, evidently enjoying Tommy's discomfiture, "I saw Tommy smoking yesterday and to-day."

Charles Carroll turned upon his child with an imprecation that sounded strangely irreverent from a man of his age, for frost had whitened

the luxuriant hair upon his temples; and the lad, grinding his teeth towards the brother who had betrayed him, flung out of the room with an oath.

"O dear! a set of graceless children! a man has more pain than pleasure in their rearing. Tom will turn out such a scamp as his brother—and I shall have to support them both, I foresee," exclaimed Charles Carroll, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and giving way to bitter thought.

The servant announced a visitor.

Henry Carroll entered—moving slowly toward the grate, in which burned a brilliant fire.

"Brother," said Henry Carroll, still standing.

"A—a—Henry—is it you?" exclaimed Charles—"O! be—be seated, sir—take a chair," he continued, recovering his equanimity, but not extending his hand to meet the half-offered grasp of the other. "H'm, I hear you have a son—wish you joy, sir—if he is buried before he grows up, I shall wish you more, sir."

The brother remained standing. His eyes were bent upon the fire at his feet. His lips were firm, his face wore its usual thoughtful, sweetly grave expression.

"It is about that son I came to consult with you," he said calmly. His elder brother moved uneasily on his seat, but did not reply.

"I am going to give him away."

Charles Carroll looked up in astonishment.

"I am going to give him to God," repeated Henry.

"Fanaticism," muttered the other, a sneer on his lip.

"We do not think so," said Henry, still talking with great moderation. "We have looked forward to this sweet sacrifice for many months, and had yesterday come to the conclusion to lay our gift upon the altar; but—" his lips quivered, and he found himself unable to proceed. His brother's coldness cut him to the heart, though could he have seen the inner man, who sat so stiff and passionless before him, he would not have felt this visit to be all in vain.

"Well sir," said Charles Carroll, "go on."

"Christ said—'If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift

before the altar, and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.' Now, Charles, though all men are brothers, you by the ties of nature are still nearer and dearer. Let us be reconciled."

"H'm!" said Charles Carroll. "He must have had us in his eye," he muttered, half scornfully.

"I felt that I had not willingly, or intentionally wronged you," said Henry, with a trembling voice, "but still, as a younger brother, much younger than yourself, it was my duty to consult you before I disposed of the property my father left me, perhaps rashly disposed of it, as I have since found I did. Now, brother, if you have had that against me, my hot-headedness and impulsiveness which put so much valuable land out of the family, I beg you will remember it no more, but forgive me, and let me go home and offer my little one in solemn dedication to his Savior."

Charles Carroll sat there, his heart more at enmity with God than with his brother. It was for his religion that he hated him—his passions had been gathering strength and bitterness as he listened—and at the close, he said, in a short sarcastic speech, that he had no faith in the mummery, as he called it—that he never would forgive his brother for putting the best part of the property in the hands of his sworn enemy. All this he said with such cold, cutting words, heated now and then by an oath, that Henry trembled as he remembered the justice of the God he was insulting.

"Well, brother—at least I have made an effort at reconciliation—God will clear me—but O! my brother—may we not be friends?"

"No," was the short, decisive reply, Henry turned towards the door. He was so blinded by his tears, that he staggered as he walked. All that night he grieved, as he had never grieved before, and his wife's tender words failed of their usual consolation.

On the next morning, Henry Carroll received the following note:

DEAR HENRY:—God has punished me very sorely. My eldest son lies dead in the house, having been killed in a fight last evening. Come without delay.
Your brother, CHARLES.

How still that great house, now that imperial death had entered! No sound to be heard,

save the low moaning of sorrow—no sight but grief and tears. Alas! the haughty spirit could no longer defy the Almighty. Henry found his brother stretched upon his couch, alone and sorrowing.

He did not now withhold his hand. The strong man was broken down—powerless under the crushing blow of sorrow; he felt that there was a source from whence blessings came, even to the mourner, and that his brother held the key of prayer.

"O, Henry!" he said, in a dry, choked voice—"it is not you who should ask forgiveness; forgive me—forgive me. If I had dedicated my child to the service of God, he would not lay in his young manhood, a dishonored corpse. Go, Henry, delay not—lay your gift upon the altar, and you never will—you never can be disgraced as I am now."

Henry threw his arm about his brother, and wept on his bosom. It was a touching sight, and a strange contrast to the attitude of the two on the preceding evening.

Many years have passed since the incidents above related took place. The man who had defied God, and gloried in his impious strength, slept the sleep of the righteous, and the babe, who was "the gift upon the altar," is a Christian minister, well known and greatly beloved.

The children of Charles Carroll are all trustworthy and pious citizens—and though the eldest lays in his grass-grown grave, through the indulgence of his own base passions, his terrible death was the means of saving a large family.

O! delay not to forgive, when one of Christ's children humbly sues for pardon; remember God is on his side.

THE WRESTLER'S REFLECTION.—Philip, king of Macedon, as he was wrestling at the Olympic games, fell down in the sand; and when he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, he cried out, "O how little a parcel of earth will hold us when we are dead, who are ambitiously seeking after the whole world while we are living!"

TO DAUGHTERS.—The secret you dare not tell your mother, is a dangerous secret, and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow and suffering in the end.

For the Aurora.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR
DAILY BREAD."

BY OLLIE ORVILLE.

Two small children lay side by side on a pallet of straw, matted with filth, in a corner of a dark, damp, unhealthy cellar. It was night—cold, desolate, cheerless, the snow scudding through the air, fell in a continual shower on the earth.

In order to forget his misery, hunger, and pain, the eldest of the two began to tell the younger the oft-told tale of their father-land of sunny Italy. He told of their happy home in that bright land, and then of the news that had come wafted over the blue waves of the broad Atlantic, of America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," where fortune could be made in a few short months, where all men "were free and equal"—all acknowledged sovereigns of the land. Their father's restless, daring spirit moved him to go and try for himself in the West—for, to his vivid imagination, it seemed a fairy land. Accompanied by his young, trusting wife, and two children, he had embarked for America. Weeks passed, when he, seized by a deadly disease, died, and was buried in the trackless depths of the mighty sea; and the sorrowing wife was left alone, going into a strange country, with those two young children to support, unknown and friendless. There was a heart on board that vessel not deeply, irrevocably incrustated with worldliness, and the grief of the young woman touched a chord that vibrated, and not without effect—and he did what he could; but while the spirit was willing, the purse was weak, and appeals which he made to others only elicited the unfeeling reply, "Only an emigrant! too, many of them in our country now—glad if there is one less!" remarks that wrung the widow's heart to the utmost.

They arrived in America; but instead of the elysium they had conceived, they found only stern, cold reality. Unaccustomed and unprovided for this climate, they had suffered intensely during that long, hard winter, for she was unable to obtain work, and her proud Roman spirit rebelled at the idea of charity.

All this, the boy told his sister, and for a while hunger was forgotten; but when he ceased, and the dull, cold present entered the mind—she inquired where was her mother, and why she brought her no bread? "I don't know, sister," was the mournful reply; "but let us pray, that we may have bread," and in low, sweet voices, those children prayed:

"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth, as it is done in Heaven, give us this day our daily bread"—and intent on their prayer, the children noticed not the two figures that glided in and approached them; the one clothed in rags, but scrupulously neat—the other, robed in white, splendidly appareled. How came that high-born, noble lady here? in this foul den? One hour ago, leaving this place, the mother of those children had gone forth to obtain sustenance to prevent them from starving; where it was coming from, she knew not—only that it *must* be had. She proceeded on, scarcely knowing which way she went, until she stood in Fifth Avenue. She was hungry, faint, and cold, and as she glanced up into the windows of the splendid palace-like dwelling, by which she stood, she thought of her children. There by the casement stood a boy and girl far younger than those around them, and a murmur arose in her heart against the God who had made them rich and her's poor—why was it so? Ah! the reasons thereof were too deep for her simple mind, clogged as it was by sin, to comprehend; but there *was* a reason, and a good one—else the great and holy Lord would not have made it so; but she, in her ignorance, had not yet learned that under God's merciful dispensation, "Whatever is, is right." A sudden thought struck her, as she stood there in the cold, and she hurried up the marble steps opened the door, and proceeded up the broad staircase unmolested, for the porter had left his post to converse with an old crony. She paused at the door, for a knowledge of the condition of her dress caused her to hesitate. It opened, and the young mistress of the house came forth. She stopped a moment, struck with surprise at seeing so strange an appearance before her. "Now is my chance," and the poor woman

sprang forward: threw herself at her feet, and wildly prayed for her children—begged for one loaf of bread, to prevent them from starving. Tears stood in the fair, young creature's eyes—she had touched the right chord in her heart, and she listened to her petition. She had ordered her carriage, and come with her to see those two young emigrants, and they had arrived as the children prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread." The tears rolled rapidly down the cheeks of the child of affluence and ease—and she fulfilled the prayer—she was the means ordained of God.

She was gone, and as they thankfully ate their bread, the girl said, "Mother, has not God answered our prayer?"

"Yes," answered the mother.

"There, brother, we said he would, even in this dark hole."

"Never forget, my children," said the mother interrupting them, "that he even heareth the young ravens when they cry; and, when pressed by hunger, want or charity, turn ever to him, for he has promised to be a 'Father to the fatherless, and a God to the widow.'"

MURFREESBORO, Nov. 1857.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

It is now a little more than sixty years, since a young clergyman, then fresh from his theological studies, went down to the "Province of Maine," as it was then often called, to minister in spiritual things to the scattered and feeble churches in that region. He was a large, athletic man, able, as he supposed, to endure hardship, and suffer the inconveniences of a newly settled country. He had a good share of moral and physical courage, would not quail before the fiery eyes of a down-east wildcat, even when traveling alone in the woods, or shrink from a wordy warfare with the infidel raftsmen or rough coast fishermen. He had good carnal weapons for the former, and the sword of Bible truth for the latter.

He was not a polished gentleman, nor fond of soft raiment, but he was a genuine "diamond in the rough," and now and then as he rubbed along through the world, the friction, would develop the true piety, and real sparkle of his character. He was a humorist, but his wit was chastened by his religion, and his naturally

strong intellect found its best alim^{en}ts in the Bible. His name was Paul, and in his case the name seemed to have inspired a great love for his illustrious namesake. He was, as a good old deacon used to say, great on the doctrine.

Paul's parents died when he was young. After he became a preacher, the only remaining member of the family was a sister, a few years younger than himself.

"Well, Annie!" he said, as he left her on his contemplated tour through Maine, "I am going as a light to lighten the Gentiles, but in a few years I will cease to wander, and you and I will have rest and quiet in some little corner of God's vineyard, where I can take care of you, and like my namesake, when he lived in his own hired house, preach the kingdom of God and teach the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ."

Annie had a home of her own, a small, unpretending, plain house, in a quiet street of the town, and to increase her little income, she took in sewing. She was young, healthy, and full of hope for the future. Now Paul was through his studies, and she knew that he was a zealous and acceptable preacher, how bright every thing looked.

In a few years he would settle in some pleasant parish, and she preside over his home till he brought a wife there. The idea of Paul's having a wife, did not disturb her as it did some sisters, for Annie was not selfish. To be sure, she might have visions of her own—what young girl does, not weave pleasant pictures with the unwrought threads of her own life! A fireside, and loved ones around it; a cradle and a baby-face within, and all the sweet surroundings of that home-life which a true woman loves so well!

Whatever Annie's dreams were, however, none read them but herself, for she was a quiet, modest girl, and very industrious with her needle. She and Paul wrote to each other often, and their mutual love was strengthened by the correspondence.

Paul was very happy in his mission, and rather liked the exposure and travel, and the variety of his churches and congregations. He often preached in log-houses and barns, and now and then on some newly cleared farm, in a humble home, he found a disciple of Jesus, who had not seen a minister for many years, and the young preacher was welcomed with the warmth and hospitality of those who prize God's messengers. He was blessed in his labors, and many were led through him to the fountain of living waters.

No wonder Annie was happy, and when she heard of his abundant labors, of his preaching nearly every day in the week, of his riding through long forests alone, and in the storms which are so severe on the coast, she said to herself, "What a blessing it is to have such health! Paul was never sick in his life!" Perhaps it would have been better otherwise, for, confident of his strength, he forgot himself in his Master's work.

One day Annie received a letter superscribed in a strange hand. "Your brother is not well," said the writer. "He traveled some miles in a north-east storm last week, after preaching, and took cold. He himself, thought light of it, and continued to preach, contrary to the advice of his friends. The result is, as we feared, a settled cold on the lungs, and severe pain, as he expresses it, in every inch of his body. He thinks he will soon be well, but needs you to nurse him. We hope you will come as soon as you receive this letter."

Annie lost no time in hastening to her brother, whose joy at seeing her, amply repaid her for her anxiety and fatigue.

Paul's disease was the inflammatory rheumatism, and it proved long and painful. After a few weeks he was able to go home with his sister, but every exposure brought a return of the attack. In a year or two, his limbs became distorted, and almost every joint of his system felt the power of this tormentor of the physical frame.

Before a year passed, he was a confirmed invalid, unable to leave his room. Annie was his constant companion and nurse. And now commenced, in her maidenhood, the long self-denying of this sister.

I wish I could describe Paul and Annie to the reader, with the pencil and brush, as well as by the pen.

In a chamber of the old house, I have mentioned, Paul lay upon his bed of pain. One side of his body was so paralyzed, that there was no sensation in it, but it became so, only after months and years of excruciating pain. The hands and feet were drawn out of shape, and almost useless to him, but his face always wore a cheerful expression, and he greeted his visitors with a smile and a pleasant word. That smile lingered still, after the eyes lost their sight, and the right hand its cunning.

His sister was his patient nurse. Patient! that does not express one-half the meaning. It was

content and cheerfulness, that beamed in her face, whenever I saw her.

Thirty-nine years she staid in that sick-room, never going into the streets, save on errands of necessity, or to church, whenever a kind friend would come and stay with the invalid. It was a lesson for the disappointed and discontented of this world, to visit this house.

"Uncle Paul," as he was called for many years before he died, had a great reverence for woman, and among his frequent visitors and warmest friends, were ladies of education and refinement, who loved to minister to his need in temporal and spiritual things. Whence came this respect for our sex? His companion from childhood, had been his sister; neither educated nor refined, in the common worldly acceptance of the word, but she had a true woman's heart, and a sister's devotedness.

Thirty-nine years of constant attention to an invalid brother, with a patience that never flagged, a cheerfulness that never ruffled, a love that grew stronger, as her task became harder.

By the bedside, the brown hair of youth was changed to the gray tints of age, the smooth cheek furrowed by time, and the bright eyes dimmed by use—but the warm, kind heart, grew stronger in its love, as the diamond reveals its brightness more clearly through the broken casket.

Death came at last and freed Uncle Paul from his poor, worn, wearied body. He had longed earnestly for this change, and all his friends rejoiced with him, when he exclaimed, "Glory! Glory! This is death!" Many said, "Now poor Annie will rest awhile from toil," and they sought to make her life pleasant and cheerful. But it was only a little while and God called her. She felt that she was now going to realize all the brightest hopes of her youth, to live with Paul in a house not made with hands, and with glorified bodies, over which disease could have no power.

One summer afternoon, the hearse stood at the door of the house, where Paul had suffered so long. Slowly and reverently, the neighbors brought down the body of Annie. It looked old and time-worn with labor and care, but a truer heroine never lived, than this patient, self-denying sister. One such life is a greater honor to our sex, than the brightest record of 'famous women' that can be found.

Four things come not back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

"WHAT THE WORLD SAYS."

BY A PUPIL OF BROWNSVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE,
OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.

Fair and beautiful, yet how often false and deceitful is the soft syren, who sways the world's opinion! How often does she teach us to say "this is right," or "that is wrong," when the one is condemned and the other approved by a holier tribunal! How often, by listening to her suggestions, do we turn aside from the paths of nature? How often does the light which she holds out before us, "lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind."

By the verdict of the world's opinion, we often see the good man who has been unfortunate, doomed to drag out a life of misery, and disgrace, scorned and shunned by all around him, branded with shame and ignominy, even by those who have been raised in the lap of luxury, without one wish that has not been gratified, and whose hearts could form no desire that has not been anticipated. And, by the same verdict, we often see that the wicked, who do not deserve that favor of the world, but whom fortune has favored with her richest stores, are taken by the hands, lifted above shame and want, seated by the most exalted and wise, and crowned with the wreath of the world's approbation. We look upon a poor man. His appearance indicates that he is not unaccustomed to labor. His honest countenance shows the marks of care, his dress is rough, and his whole appearance indicates that he earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. He is treated with contempt by the world; no one deigns to notice him. The syren voice of the world declares that he is beneath its notice.—But who is this, that is welcomed to every circle with joy. Easy in his manners and smooth in his speech. We gaze on him for a moment, and pronounce him a *gentleman*. But we behold again, and behold him in a different scene. He is under the influence of intoxication. He makes himself the slave of his ruling appetite. And yet the world gives to him her kindest smiles, and confers upon him her highest honors. Surely we say to ourselves, "he is not a *drunkard*, whom the world regards so highly;" and yet, alas! it is true.

Many persons we see who are wretched slaves to the sway of the world's opinions.—How many are deterred from pursuing the right course, by thinking, "what will the world say?" it is this that prompts the duellist to receive the challenge which has been sent him, the fear of the world's disapprobation. And thus he becomes the instrument of death to his fellow-man, because he fears to disregard what the world says.

How many, also, show their subjection to the world's opinion, by following its fashions, when they are really disagreeable, or sinful, or hurtful, and often ruin their health by trying to follow "what the world says." And some will almost suffer death to be in the fashion. How much better it would be for us to repel the illusions, which this fair syren flings about us, and to have independence of character; not be governed by "what the world says." How pleasant it would be, if we could abstain from the evils of this life, and energetically repel them. How much better than to remain in indolence, and placidity, until they become fixed permanent, and we are unable to resist their influence; for, as Pope says,

"Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Be not conformed to this world," is the Apostle's holy injunction, which ought to be as closely adhered to, now, and as binding, as when first delivered; What presents a more heart-rendering sight, than that total disregard of this Heaven-born virtue? The greatest preventative to holiness is the fashion of this world, whose contact, like the Upas tree, withers all within its influence. And yet the gay votary of pleasure, the fantastic devotee of fashion, whether in the person of the young gentleman with curled mustaches and exquisite dress, or in that of the young lady with flowers and feathers, and jewels, all high colors vying, is ever asking, "what does this world say?" and endeavouring to follow its teachings.

But another more appalling feature is an adaptation to the maxims and customs of society—such as card-playing, dancing, or twistification, as the fashionables call it. A very plausible excuse for winter recreations, after the

arduous duties of the day; to keep our loved ones at home, from up town amusements, and perhaps much worse associates, more dangerous than a game at home with my sisters. We are commanded to avoid the appearance of evil, and those who profess to be transformed, should not act as if this little globe were all to them, but should ever ask, "What does the Word of God say?" in place of "What the world says."

COMMEMORATIVE SKETCHES OF A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

THE following expresses what seems to have been an abiding desire of her heart—that other members of her family might also go forth into that great vineyard in which she hoped to be a laborer.

O, my mother, it is an unspeakable privilege that I am permitted a place in so noble an enterprise. Yes, noble indeed! the same which brought the blessed Savior from Heaven to Earth—which caused him to suffer, bleed and die. To-day while bowed before God, I could not be satisfied with merely giving myself renewedly to Him, but besought Him to take others from beneath your roof, and send them also forth. While I uttered this, I thought of her who bore them, and my tears flowed freely; I said, "Not, Lord, that I wish one pang more to rend that widowed mother's breast; but, thou, Lord, canst prepare her, thou canst supply the place of sons and daughters." On this point I cannot rest. From a large family, for whom God had done so much, it ought not to be that but one is willing to sacrifice earth's pleasures for the sake of the eternal interests of millions. If H—— has not sinned away the day of grace, if he will turn to the Lord, I shall expect to meet him in China, or, from Heaven, behold him filling my place. O, will he not engage? Will he not now? His years are rapidly wasting—they cannot be recalled. Oh, H——, God has claims upon you—first your heart, then your services. Withhold them not, for though feeble, they will be accepted. And so of each dear brother and sister. Youth is the time to engage in this glorious service. Old age may never be granted you. A field, wide

and vast, is now ripe for harvest. Oh, that laborers may enter in.

DECEMBER 30th.—After experiencing cold weather for a number of weeks past, we are again rapidly approaching warmer regions. We expect, in a few days, to be the second time under a vertical sun. All has, thus far, gone on smoothly. Nothing deserving the name of storm has been permitted to approach us, though, for several weeks, we were in a vicinity where they are generally expected. It is true, we were many days tossed about by the surging billows in such a manner as much to disquiet us, as it required the greatest care to keep a standing, sitting, or reclining position, excepting alternately. Some of our number have been considerably bruised by being thrown upon hard substances by the sudden lurches of the ship. A few nights have been extremely unpleasant. So constant was the rolling from one side to the other, with an occasional jerk, that the morning found us more fatigued than when we retired. Yet God has preserved us from dangers seen and unseen. May those lives which have thus been made His care be renewedly devoted to his service.

JANUARY 18th.—My dear mother: The goodness and mercy of our God is still manifested towards us. The winds are fast bearing our floating habitation towards our desired haven. Such of our number as land at Calcutta, expect in less than two weeks to reach that place. We do not expect to go there, but to put them on board another vessel bound thither. We hope to be in Maulmein in about four weeks, where our stay will probable be short; and from thence we shall proceed to Penang, an English town, where the vessel is to take a part of her cargo for returning. Some time will yet elapse ere we find ourselves upon terra firma, with any prospect of a long tarrying. Yet we can be happy even here, while duty demands."

After a voyage of nearly five months, the "Missionary Band" found themselves nearing heathen shores. She says:

"On Thursday morning, February 4th, we anchored off Hedgerie, at the mouth of the Hoogly. We were soon surrounded by the natives, bringing fruits and nuts of various

kinds; also, a quantity of milk. The sight of these degraded beings, and the recollection of their spiritual condition did not fail to awake in my bosom the most tender anxiety for their welfare. Many of them had already spent years in ignorance of God, and their heads were blossoming for the grave. On the P. M. of the same day, eight of the dear brethren and sisters embarked on board a steamer for Calcutta. From there they expect soon to proceed to their labors on the shores of India.

Saturday morning we again weighed anchor, and dropped down with the tide, following which, the next day, we were enabled to leave our Pilots before dark, and were soon off Pilots' ground. We hope in a few days to reach Amherst, where we expect to part with seven more of our number. O, that, as we scatter abroad, light and salvation may be scattered on all around.

FEBRUARY, 28.—With us it is now truly a season of interest. Some of the sailors appear concerned for their eternal welfare. Some have manifested a hope, but we feel that time must prove them. O, that ALL may become followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. The brethren find it a rich feast to their souls to go into the fore-castle, (as some one does every night,) to read and pray with them. In some instances, three or four have also raised their voices to God, some adopting the prayer of the Publican. Three have manifested a strong desire to be baptized at Amherst. The desire will not, I think, be complied with, as it is deemed best to move with caution. We hope God may direct that all may be done to his glory.

19TH.—We are now very near land. Beautiful, indeed, is the prospect before us! Could we reflect upon the inhabitants of this Empire as being in as happy circumstances in a spiritual view, as the delightful scenery before us would speak their temporal condition, we could, indeed rejoice. But alas! alas! being ignorant of spiritual blessing, they enjoy, and consequently in many respects appear more like brutes than like human beings. O that the light of religion, even the pure religion of Jesus, may soon illumine all these hills and valleys." Under date of the 20th, she says: "Off Amherst. Have at length visited the shores of Burnah. I am

almost enchanted with the scenery around. I am sure I never saw any so beautiful before. It may well be said that 'every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' O that he may soon be restored from the path of sin and death! Desirous to meet missionary friends in Maulmein, they were rowed thither in boats, brought by one of the brethren, Rev. Mr. Osgood, and arrived early on Saturday morning. They enjoyed the privilege of listening to the venerated Judson, of receiving warm welcome from many of the pious natives, and of visiting at sunset the mountain of Pagodas. This last, seemed to stir the fountains of her soul. She says, "O, when will the vail be drawn from their minds? When will Christians at home learn to love these souls as themselves, and come forth in hosts to their rescue?" Attending the evening worship of Mrs. Bennet's school, she was affected much. She says, "A Christian boy, part English, repeated one verse at a time, while all joined in singing the hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing," &c.

This touched my heart, and when they commenced the verse,

"Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound,"

I could scarcely restrain myself from bursting into a flood of tears. Almighty God send abroad thy 'gospel,' until every nation and tongue shall have had the 'joyful sound.'"

From Maulmein they proceeded to Pinang, where, for a few days, they were entertained by some missionaries of the "London Society," who were laboring for the Chinese. Thence they sailed for Singapore, having learned that it was not safe at that season to enter Siam. As to the place of their permanent stay, they seem not at this time to have decided. Mrs. R— says: "O, that we may be safely and speedily landed, whither we would go, and be prepared to labor for God. We are more and more interested in the Chinese. They are evidently the most intelligent and enterprising of all the people of this eastern world. They are to be found at every port, so that if we are never permitted to enter their vast empire, we may labor for its deluded inhabitants. We intend to approach the doors, yea, different

doors, and knock, if an opening be made, most joyfully will we enter; if not, I hope we shall be willing to tarry where God shall direct."

The following extract of a letter from Mrs. Henrietta Shuck, one who went out from her childhood's home, to labor in the great field, at the age of eighteen, and in a few years was removed to her reward—alludes sympathizingly to the bereavement of Mrs. R., "You seem, my dear sister, to feel the loss of your darling little one, deeply. It is, indeed, a sore trial. I sincerely sympathize with you. However, I believe that you view the subject in the right way; perhaps had the sweet babe been spared, your affections would have been placed upon it in an undue manner. 'God,' you say, 'will maintain his seat in the heart of his children.' How true! He will not allow us to hold any dearer than Himself. He will remove those objects which we too often idolize. * * * * If when we are afflicted, we would look upon our afflictions rather as blessings than otherwise, we should do well. I recollect, not long after the death of my own, dear, devoted mother, as I was walking, I picked up a bit of paper, on which was written a stanzas of poetry. Never shall I forget the words. They then afforded me consolation, and often have since. I will here insert them; perhaps they may be to you as they were to me:

'Good when He gives, supremely good—
Nor less when He denies;
Even crosses from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

Mr. Shuck also expresses his sympathy thus, "Be assured, our beloved brother and sister, that we, tearfully and most tenderly sympathize with you in the circumstances attendant upon both the birth and decease of your first-born. You should, however, rejoice in the thrilling fact, that you are the parents of an angel. May our kind, Heavenly Father prove that He has only smitten that He may more abundantly bless."

Other extracts might be given, all evincing the lively sympathy expressed in the foregoing. Severed, to a great extent, from all former ties, these ardent souls, though separated, in some instances, hundreds of miles, clung to each other with a depth and fervency both beautiful and

touching. I cannot forbear inserting here a part of a letter addressed to Mr. R——, from his former classmate, Rev. Mr. Day, who, it will be remembered, entered another portion of the great field:

"Dear Brother—It is now 4 P. M.; my dear R—— is gone, and so are all the servants to attend native service, and I remain alone. I have this moment laid down R.'s letter to sister Reed, which I have read without leave, and must now first join with her in ascribing glory and rendering thanks to God for His goodness, and for His wonderful work. I am completely astonished as I review the dealings of God with us. Such exhibitions of mercy and love, such evidences of his paternal care, such examples of faithfulness to perform his word, and, indeed, of everything like God—it completely overcomes me. Oh! for one day, whole day with you, to recount to each other what God has done for us, eversince we parted. Parted! this sinks to the very bottom of my heart. Brother R——, do not suppose me home-sick, discouraged, or unhappy. Nothing affects me now with unhappiness except what is connected with the sinfulness of my heart. I feel that I am a poor sinner, and it grieves me exceedingly that after all the Lord has done for me, as you know, I am still so unlike what I should and might have been; and when I say the word "parted" sinks deep in my heart, remember, my brother, that I love you. Yes, brother Reed, I *love you*. And now could I enjoy your dear society, and that of your dear J., in addition to that of my affectionate R——, it seems to me it would be enough of social happiness. We should be a *little world to one another among ourselves*, and could afford to relinquish connexions with other civilized friends. O, the remembrance of seasons we have spent together, deeply affects me.

Bless the Lord, those seasons have left a salutary effect. Once more, perhaps for the last time, I say, my brother, "Farewell." You live in my affections, and for you I pray, till my time for praying is over. May we not be disappointed of meeting each other, and spending an eternity in the bosom of our Savior."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A HARP IN HEAVEN.

It was the morning of the Sabbath. The family had departed to church, and the last notes of the tolling bell were sending their solemn call to worship God in the sanctuary—when Mrs. H. took a seat in her chamber, only her little daughter Elizabeth remaining at home with her. The Bible lay unopened on the lady's lap, and tears were falling rapidly and silently from her face.

Turning from the window where Elizabeth had been looking out, "Mamma," said the little girl, "I suppose Grandpa has got his harp now."

The mother lifted her eyes to her little one, and over that thoughtful face was spread the expression of calm assurance, as she repeated her remark, adding "hasn't he?"

How charmingly, yet reprovably, did that little questioner's voice sound in that mother's ear! And the great thought in that little bosom, how did it vibrate in her mother's heart. Promptly from its inmost depths came the blissful response, "Yes, my child, dear Grandpa is in heaven to-day and he makes sweet music there."

Late on the previous evening, had come the tidings that a venerable and pious parent had passed from earth, and this hour, after the morning duties were over, was the first Mrs. H. had found to sit down and think of the dear departed.

No sad reflections called forth those tears. It was nature's fond tribute to remembered worth. She could not, however, but compare the actings of her own mind with what was contained in the melodious utterance of the words "his harp;" and her desire at once ascended, to be ever filled with a like precious faith. This little girl had been accustomed to look with reverential love upon the aged one who had gone.

In her visits to the homestead, she carefully observed him at family worship, imbibing a sympathetic delight from his devout reading of the Scriptures—ever to him words of "spirit and of life," manifestly the joy of his soul, and the directory of his thoughts to a fair region out of sight.

With equal scrutiny had she noted him in the social prayer-meeting, often gathered in his house, always joining so heartily in

the offerings of praise—seeming oft times ready to clap his glad wings and soar away from earth.

On hearing that he was gone, the first absorbing emotions within her were, *Praise, Worship, Music, Joy*; and indulging in no consideration of her own loss, her inward gratulations on the event to the dear departed, were made known to her mother by this soft confiding utterance of her *beautiful morning meditation*.

The spirit of the child had been soaring all loving, and free to the regions of infinite purity and bliss. O, precious childhood! what delicate perceptions of divine things are often vouchsafed to it.

Often might the learned and mature sit at the feet of the innocents, and take lessons in the mode of receiving eternal truth, and grow wise unto salvation, while bowing to listen to the revelations that come first to babes, and the infant believer of the divine Word is freely taught of God,

Though numbering few years, yet inspired with the capacious power that simple faith imparts, she, in childish brevity of words, represented the picture that was fully shadowing forth in her mind the delightful activities, in which she had no doubt her dear grand-parent immediately shared. It was "meeting-day" on earth, Grandpa must be engaged in meeting services, thought she, so putting her fancies and some Bible words together, she conceived him to have attained to the possession of the choicest instrument on which to perform a part at the commencement of his eternal Sabbath. O, let me hasten to join that worship, thought the mother, nor lose a moment from the bliss of offering thanksgiving that they come with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

The face of death had not been familiar to this child, and the blighting presence of God's messenger was not before her to afflict or turn the imagination to the grave and the clod; but she had gathered an impression of "death as the gate of endless joy," and when she learned by written words, which gently conveyed the intelligence that death had passed upon her aged and beloved relative, she took up instantly the conception of his translation to immortal life, and with a child's sweet faith was able to grasp the great idea, "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Would that we might ever, as calmly
and confidingly as did that little girl, clasp
to our hearts the same glorious truth. And
as our Christian friends are emancipated
from earth, and pass from our sight,—that
we might hold fast to the faith that permits
us a glance within the veil.

“O what amazing joy they feel,
As to the golden harp they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And sing the triumphs of their King.”

CANUTE AND CHRIST, OR THE CREATURE AND THE CREATOR.

PART I.

Hark to the trumpet's loud acclaim!
Hark to the sounding drums!
With pomp and cheer, and regal state,
See, England's monarch comes.

Around him chiefs and vassals throng,
Behind him princes wait,
And all within his train bespeaks
A sovereign's royal state.

A robe of purple wraps his form,
Where gold and jewels gleam,
Upon his brow the diadem
Vies with the sunlight's beam.

Down to the wild and foaming main,
To the sea-girt shore they go,
To where the ocean's foaming tide
Rolls in its ceaseless flow;

And there on the verge of the dashing wave,
He has taken his haughty stand,
With jewels deckt, with princes girt,
And he stretched o'er the sea his hand.

And “away,” he cried “thou mighty sea,
Hence from this sacred spot,
Thy sovereign lord before thee stands—
Touch England's monarch not!”

Vain was the sov'reign's high command,
Vain was his glittering train,
Unchecked by king or royal pomp,
On swept the mighty main.

PART II.

Down to Judea's rocky shore,
A lonely wand'rer came,
Weary and faint, and bent with toil,
And travel-worn his frame;

No jewels glittered on his brow,
No purple wrapt his form,
Simple and plain the homely garb,
That fluttered in the storm.

Sorrow upon that noble brow
Her cank'ring seal had set,
And tears of burning agony
Full oft that cheek had wet.

The forest bird hath found a nest,
The fox a cavern bed,
But he hath none to shelter him,
“No where to lay his head.”

Onward he goes, his weary step
Hath reached the ocean's bed,
And lo! upon the heaving main
His gliding footsteps tread.

Night o'er the wide and watery waste,
Her dreary garb had cast,
Wild was the waves tumultuous dash,
And loud the howling blast;

On right, on left, in billowy wreath,
The angry waves swept by,
But bowed their crests before his form,
Nor came his foot steps nigh.

The wild wind rent the proud ships sail,
And bowed the mighty mast,
Yet left unmoved the robe he wore—
Peace was where e'er he past.

O'er the heaving main he lifts his hand,
He whispers, “Peace! be still”
And lo! the waves forget to roar,
The winds obey his will!

Vain to disguise his might, his power
Was that plain, homely vest,
In that lone wand'rer o'er the sea,
JEHOVAH stood confest.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.

Many a wife might read the following
paragraph from Emerson, and be wiser and
happier therefor: “O, excellent wife! en-
cumber not yourself and me to get a curi-
ously rich dinner for this man or woman
who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-
chamber made at too great a cost. These
things, if they are curious in them, they
can get for a few shillings in any village;
but rather let the stranger see, if he will,
in your looks, accent, and behavior, your
heart and earnestness, your thought and
will, that which he cannot buy at any price
in the city, and for which he may well trav-
el twenty miles, and dine sparingly and
sleep little, to behold. Let not the empha-
sis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but
let truth and love, and honor and courtesy
flow in all thy deeds.”

VIOLATIONS OF THE TRUTH.—All truth,
says Dr. Johnson, is not indeed of equal
importance; but if little violations are al-
lowed, every violation will in time be
thought little.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.

Services had commenced in the neat, little sanctuary which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the service of God. The minister had reached the psalm and Scripture lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine-looking one, and thus enchained not only the attention of the true, but of the false worshipers. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker, were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy, golden air, which the mid-summer Sabbath morn had breathed in that holy place.

The first syllable of the second line was trembling on the lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second, every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness, the progressing of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to; and when quietly seated in the front pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was—aye, how many whispers, too.

In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent Mr. D—— sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no thoughts or eyes for anybody else, but the widow, and the widow E——'s young, genteel, and dashing-looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could wear anything but mourning? And, in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once, dressed in white, and walked into the church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman!

Yes, indeed, she had. She would plead guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were; and on the last two, how many witnesses had been subpoenaed! She was actually dressed in white; a beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist with an open corsage, displaying the elaborately wrought *chemisette*, drapery trimmed sleeves, trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, undersleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat, with

orange bud flowers, white kid gloves and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as the service was ended.

And the gentleman—he was dressed in style. Don't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids, too, and don't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and lovingly, upon the fair creature beside him?

Yes, he did so, and there is no further room to doubt. Widow E—— had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on her bridal attire, and was going to be married in church. Who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sung, and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony took place.

To their utter astonishment they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced, widow E—— and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation, quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement, he offered his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidently, on the beautifully soft coat sleeve, as they passed on.

What a morning was that in Fairmount. What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts, rolled over and over in the brain, not only of gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact men. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the village. There was something new under the sun; a lady had a beau, and nobody knew it.

O, widow E——, didn't your ears burn all that day?

We wonder they didn't drop off. Surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. D—— preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliments to him, though. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody again was disappointed, and if tongues had run at railway speed before, they traveled then on the electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. One subject alone occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

It actually, seemed too, as though the lady tried to make as much talk as sh

could. After tea, arm in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and away into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

Look out, widow! your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently, she didn't care, for the next day she went a calling with her beau, and the next day, with him, rambled off to the mountains, and the next with him off in a carriage to the station-house, and there, not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

"What, in broad daylight?" exclaimed grandma W—. "Well, if I ever heard of or see the like on't."

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself, whether it really was any worse in broad daylight, than any other time. Perhaps you will wonder, too. We do, at least.

There was a large attendance that afternoon, at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went, that could possibly leave home.

And what a chattering there was, when the bustle of assemblage was over. There was but one topic; but that was all-sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau—for he must be her beau, or ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of dumb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as, looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she, in her usual quiet way. "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting."

And then she proceeded to the table and helped herself to a block of patch-work, inquired for the sewing-silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing on a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of cloth, and the whole, when completed, was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed-quilt. She seemed all engrossed with the birds' bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had

heard what they were saying when she came in—but her pleasant countenance raised the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack. Old grandma W— was the first to commence. She meant to "do up the matter" very delicately, and in so roundabout a way, that the lady should not suspect her of curiosity. So she began by praising Mrs. E—'s dress.

"Why, it is really beautiful. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it," was the quick reply.

"Here?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"In New York, last spring."

"O, you did, did you? but I thought you were never going to wear anything but black again!"

Every eye scrutinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual, as she answered:

"I did say so once, but I have finally changed my mind."

"You have, ha; what made you?"

"O, I have good reasons."

Here the hearers and lookers on winked and blinked, and looked very expressively at each other.

"But did you not spoil your beautiful white dress on Sunday night, wearing it up to the burying ground?"

"I did not wear it."

Here was a damper to the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she was determined to do it too, when unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. E—'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be so baffled again. She intended, and would find out all about her beau, before she went home, that she would. So she began by saying:

"Your company went away this morning, didn't they?"

"They did," was the reply.

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not so long as I wished he had," was the emphatic answer.

And how the ladies looked at each other. It was as good as a confession.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him for a fortnight or more."

"Why, du tell if you had then, and you never told on't neither. Had he any business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?"

This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady had meant to put, and she forthwith apologized by saying:

"I didn't mean that—I—I—I only thought——"

O, I'd as lief you'd know as not; he came to see me."

O, widow E——, how did your good name go down, then? Be careful what you say, or you will only have a remnant of character to go home with—and remnants go very cheap.

"He did, did he? and he didn't come for anything else, then? But was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame the next question; "well—well, he is a real good-looking man, any way."

"I think so, too; and he is not only good-looking, but he is good-hearted—one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so! but is he rich?"

"Worth a thousand or so," said the lady carelessly.

"Why, du tell if he is! why you will live like a lady, won't you? But what is his name?"

"Henry Macon."

"Macon—Macon! Why that was your name before you were married!"

"It was."

"Then he is a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Du tell if he is then. Not a cousin, I hope; never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't? Not your cousin! But what connection is he, du tell, now?"

"He is my youngest brother."

If ever there was a rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye was raised. Had the latter been done, the roguish and express-

ive glances which passed between Mrs. E—— and the minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the threshold; a silent spectator, and a curious hearer, perhaps, (mind you, we only say perhaps) might have guessed more correctly, the name, character, standing, and profession of the widow's beau.

Original.

WASHINGTON'S PRAYER.

[See Engraving.]

BY INDA.

"Twas the winter of 1776, a bright, cold, frosty morning. It was early, but the peaceable Quaker, who lived in quiet calmness, notwithstanding the storm of war arousing and disturbing the whole country, in his little farm-house, near Valley Forge, was astir, searching for his wandering cattle. All was calm and still—the hushed hour before Nature's awakening to the bustle of another day. For awhile he wandered in the grove, his heart holding sweet communion with nature, and with Nature's God; when suddenly his reverie was interrupted by a sight, through the intervening boughs of the forest trees, of the fluttering flag, and gleaming white tents of the American army. He gazed with sorrow in his eyes, on the warlike preparations—and in his heart, a feeling of opposition and dislike, which ill-accorded with his peaceful principles, arose against the leader of the effort to obtain freedom. For a moment, he stood gazing on the scene, when, from behind a stately tree, not far distant, he heard a low, supplicating voice. Moved by curiosity, he advanced, and for a moment, he stood gazing, stupified with wonder, for there, kneeling on the frosty turf, was he, whom a moment before, he had condemned as a worthless disturber of his country's welfare—there, humbly beseeching his Almighty Maker, was the commander-in-chief, GEORGE WASHINGTON! With reverence and awe, he drew near, and listened to the petition. Earnestly, the noble man besought a merciful God for success; but with a true faith, he prayed "not my will, but thine, be done." He listened at his supplication, as he wrestled with the Lord—he saw in his words a

trusting faith, and he felt sure that WASHINGTON'S prayer would be answered. Turning, he left the spot which he felt, was holy ground, and proceeded home. His meek wife met him at the threshold, and her quick eye of affection noticed an unusual shade on his brow, and she inquired its cause. "I tell thee what it is, Martha," he replied, "thee and me must oppose this war no longer, I heard the man, Washington, pray for success, and the Lord will certainly grant that prayer."

"The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man, availeth much"—and who can estimate the influence of that prayer on the destiny of our country? Had Washington and his compatriots been scoffing, godless infidels, what imagination could conceive of our condition at the present moment—but God be praised, they were not; they relied on his strong arm, and his right hand led them through the thick clouds that surrounded them, into the clear sunlight of peace and prosperity. And now, in these troublesome times, when a nation is beggared, when rebellion is strengthening, let our rulers follow this example of Washington, and, mistrusting their own strength, rely on the power, mercy and wisdom of God.

Elder Glen, Jan. 1858.

TRY TO BE HAPPY.

E. M. E.

Christian mother, your children in Church last Sabbath, heard the preacher say that happiness is found in the path of duty—that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace,—that great peace have they who have God's law, and nothing shall offend them,—that religion sustains the spirit, and renders its possessor happy even amid the sorest trials that afflict our mortal state. Is this doctrine true? Do you wish your children to believe it? If so, do not contradict the words of the preacher by your own fretfulness and discontent, or by indulging a spirit of gloom and despondency. Let not your careworn, anxious brow give the lie to the sacred text. Do not force your children to the conclusion, that, either the preacher is teaching false doctrine from the

pulpit, or that their mother is a stranger to the religion of which he speaks. If they begin by doubting your piety, they may end in doubting the reality of all religion. What an awful thought, that a mother by want of proper control over her own spirit, may drive her children into the dark mazes of skepticism! If you would avoid so fearful a result, see to it, that there is a resemblance between the effects of religion which they see and feel around the fireside, and the description of those effects which they hear from the sacred desk.

I know that your cares are many and your trials great. Perhaps you listen in vain for those words of sympathy and encouragement from your chosen companion in life's pilgrimage, which your soul so ardently craves. Perhaps you are suffering from some malady which tends directly to depress the feelings, and produce nervous irritability. It may be that your head aches, and your heart aches; but can you not, for the sake of those dear to you, and for the honor of the Gospel, strive to rise in spirit, above the influence of physical infirmities, and depressing circumstances? Will you not try to illustrate and enforce the words of the preacher by showing to those around your own hearth-stone, that religion does sustain you under trials, and enable you to be calm and peaceful, amid the petty annoyances and vexations of every day life? It is your privilege to cast your care on Him who cares for you, and if you will think less about those blessings which are denied you, and more of the countless, though undeserved mercies which daily crown your life, the cloud of discontent will soon pass from your brow, and your countenance will reflect the cheerful light of grateful love.

A GENTLEMAN who had two children—a rough, boisterous boy, and a quiet, considerate girl—fell asleep, one day, in a room in which they were. To avoid awakening him the girl maintained the most scrupulous silence, while the boy, less careful of his father's comfort, commenced whispering, then talking, and finally began to sing. Failing to induce her brother to keep still, the little girl approached her father, and striking his arm said—"Father, make Paul stop; he is going to wake you up."

Original,

"I'M WITH THEE STILL."

A FRAGMENT.

And art thou gone? I've heard the breathings low
Of thy expiring frame. Thy countenance pale,
I've seen; and curtains drawn across those orbs
That lighted up my soul. I've seen thee robed
In winding-sheet, and fettered in the arms,
The icy arms of death; and laid within
The narrow house, appointed for all men.
But art thou there? I know the ethereal spark
Has mounted to its kindred source above!
The spirit wafted in ecstatic joy,
Now basks in glories of the spirit world!
In beatific visions of the blest!
Art thou so wrapt, that thou art lost to me?
A gentle, soothing influence pervades my soul
And lifts me to communion with the blest.
Benignly falls that bright celestial glance,
And fills my soul with joy. While melting tones
From the departed, whisper in my ear—
"I'm with THEE still!"

And art thou gone? For many years I've walked
Alone, the mazy path of life. Its dull
Monotony has sickened oft my soul,
While pining for the tender sympathy
I've lost. In loneliness and solitude,
I've sipped of sorrow's cup, and fain
Would ask direction of my counsellor,
How sweet thy sympathy had been in each
Event of checkered life! In thought and taste,
And feeling, full participation past, only makes
Present sympathy, a mockery of thee.
Bereft of thee, how sad and lonely is
My life. Yet am I not alone. For in
The still heart-yearning moments—then
When loneliness embodied joins with fear
To raise a cloud of murmurs in my soul,
At once tis soothed. I hear thee say—
With notes too rich for earthly melody,
And in thine own soft spirit-voice—
"I'm with THEE still!"

GENIA.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

It is hard for one who has had a bitter experience of the delusions of life and the deceitfulness of men, to unlearn the past, and come to God with a simple and unwavering faith, and accept his promises. It requires a long and severe struggle, to become a little child, and thus enter the kingdom of heaven. The following anecdote illustrates the promptness and simplicity of faith in children:

An intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten summers, sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly-embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the young mind.—His father approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book.

"George, what have you there?"

The little fellow looked up with a confu-

sed air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tale and romance and fiction, promptly gave the author of his dangerous companion. The father gently remonstrated, and pointed out to him the dangers of reading such books, and having some confidence in the effect of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light, and on inquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the pernicious book to the flames.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burnt that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because, papa, I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

"But would it not have been better to save the leaves for other purposes, rather than destroy them?"

"Papa, might not others have read and been injured by them?"

Here is a "threefold act of faith"—a trust in his father's word, evincing "love" and "obedience," and "care for the good of others." If this child exercises such faith in his earthly parent, how much more should we, like little children, exercise a simple, true-hearted, implicit faith in our heavenly Father, who has said, "He who believeth shall be saved!"

HOW PRESIDENT BUCHANAN RECEIVES THE LADIES.—A Washington correspondent of the *South* says: "Mr. Buchanan still continues to have hosts of lady visitors, and scarcely a pretty woman comes to Washington but she must see the bachelor President. His manners toward his fair visitors show that he is no 'lady's man'; his graceful commonplace seems to fail him with them; and I have seen him evidently sorely taxed to find a few words to say to the fair dames who will find their way to the reception room. He is said to have been compelled to have recourse to two stereotyped phrases, which he invariably addresses by turn to the ladies, as he runs the gauntlet of them at reception hours.—They are these: 'Madam, is this your first visit to Washington?' A pause, and then, 'Madam, I would advise you to visit the Smithsonian Institute.' After which the lady is expected to vamoise."

WOMAN THE TEMPTER.

A young man, of no ordinary promise, unhappily contracted habits of intemperance. His excess spread anguish and shame through a large and most respectable circle. The earnest and kind remonstrances of his friends, however, led him to desist; and feeling that for him to drink was to die, he came to a solemn resolution, that he would abstain entirely for the rest of his days. Not long after, he was invited to dine, with other young persons, at the house of a friend. *Friend!* did I say? pardon me. He could hardly be a friend, who would deliberately place on the table before one lately so lost, now so marvelously redeemed, the treacherous instrument of his own downfall. But so it was. The wine was in their feast. He withstood the fascination, however, until a young lady, whom he desired to please, challenged him to drink. He refused. With banter and ridicule she soon cheated him out of his purposes, and her challenge was accepted. He no sooner drank than he felt the demon was still alive, and that from temporary sleep he was now waking with tenfold strength. "Now," said he to a friend who sat next to him, "now I have tasted again, and I will drink till I die." The awful pledge was kept. Not ten days had passed before that ill-fated youth fell under the horrors of delirium tremens, and was borne to a grave of shame and dark despair. Who would envy the emotions with which that young lady, if not wholly dead to duty and to piety, retraces her part in the scene of gayety, which smiled only to betray?—*Rev. Dr. Potter.*

A PEEP INTO A LIVING MAN'S STOMACH.

The case of Alexis St. Martin, is one with which the public, and especially those who have given particular attention to the subject of physiology in connection with medical science, are already somewhat familiar. It is indeed a most extraordinary one—perhaps we might say, the most extraordinary one known to the annals of surgery. St. Martin is a Canadian of French descent. In the year 1825, when he was eighteen years old, and while employed in

the service of the American Fur Co., in Canada, he was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket loaded with duck shot, as he calls it, but which must, we infer, have been about the size of buck shot. He informed us that he did not feel or know that he had been hit, but a moment afterwards he felt a cold chill, as if a pail of cold water had been dashed over him. The charge, entering laterally from behind, passed quite through his body, tearing off the muscles, carrying away half of the sixth rib, lacerating the left lobe of the lungs as well as the diaphragm, perforating the stomach and exposing to view the pericardium, or covering of the heart! A portion of the lung, as large as a turkey's egg, lacerated and burnt, and just below this portion of the stomach, protruded from the wound, the food at the same time passing from the orifice thus made in the stomach. This orifice has never healed, and through it the process of digestion can plainly be seen in the stomach. Br. Beaumont, the surgeon who attended him, published some years ago a volume made up from facts connected with this case, and entitled "Dr. Beaumont's Physiology and Experiments." This work embraced the observations and experiments of St. Martin, and may be said to be the foundation of nearly all the positive knowledge now possessed on the subject of digestion. In this book Dr. B. gives the particulars of the treatment of the case, and the singular recovery of the patient. Curiously and happily enough, by the adhesion to the sides of the protruded portions of the stomach to the pleura costalis and the edge of the external wound, a free exit was afforded to the contents of that organ, and effusion into the abdominal cavity was thus prevented and the man's life was saved.

Probably not one man in a million, if wounded in a similar manner, would recover at all, while the chances against just such a direction and result of another accidental or even an intentional shot would be so enormous as to defy computation and almost to surpass belief. The case of St. Martin is probably the first, the last, and the only one of the kind the world will ever see; and the opportunities which it affords for the acquisition of positive knowledge concerning the human stomach and digestive functions are of corresponding interest and value. Think of the idea of actu-

ally witnessing the process of digestion and the assimilation of various foods in the interior of the stomach!

This interesting subject for study was recently in Hartford, and we had the opportunity of seeing him. He was under the care of Dr. John G. Bunting, formerly a surgeon in the British army, and who proposes to exhibit this living wonder to the medical men of some of our large cities previous to a journey with him to Europe.—While here St. Martin and the Doctor were the guests of Col. Colt, at whose invitation they were induced to stop, while on their way to Boston; for the purpose of allowing to the Hartford Medical Society an opportunity of noting the processes and effects of digestion, the absorption of different kinds of food, &c.

Some facts thus obtained are new and interesting; others seem to confirm previous theories of the physicians.

It was found that brandy taken upon an empty stomach (half an hour before dinner) has the effect to temporarily paralyze the process of digestion for a period of four hours. Moreover, its influence upon the stomach, under the circumstances, is such as to prevent that organ from recovering its natural and healthy tone for thirty-six hours after the brandy is swallowed; when, at the expiration of that time, its restoration to a healthy tone is indicated by the appearance of red patches on the internal coats of the stomach, from which minute drops of blood are seen to exude. (This is the result after a debauch.) Curiously enough, during this interval, appetite is not the least impaired, although the functions of digestion are greatly impeded. The immediate effect of the brandy is to induce upon the coats of the stomach a condition either of inflammation or congestion—the physicians were unable to agree, from appearances, which of the conditions really existed in this case. If, however, the brandy be taken with the dinner or after it, the food prevents its direct contact with the coats of the stomach, and the result then is to facilitate the process of digestion, as has been frequently proved by observations which show that food under these circumstances, digests considerably quicker than it does without this stimulus. This, however, does not prove that brandy is beneficial as a regular concomitant of the dinner-table. It may well

be questioned if it is the part of wisdom to make such regular and unceasing application of the whip and spur to a horse that is disposed to do his best without the sharp stimulus: though there may be cases of weak stomachs where the very moderate use of pure brandy might prove advantageous.—But the physicians who have watched the process going on in St. Martin's stomach, do not purpose to deal in theories; they are after bald, literal facts.

Another interesting discovery has been made by observations of this man's stomach. In looking into the aperture left by the shot from the gun, the secret of the gastric juice has been distinctly seen. The theory of the existence of this digestive agent had long been held by the faculty, and was indeed so strongly sustained by reason and by circumstantial evidence, that it was regarded less as a theory than as an ascertained fact. It was not, however, until this case of St. Martin's occurred, that the doctors were enabled to know, from the positive evidence of their senses, that the so called gastric juice was precisely what it had been supposed to be. It was never before actually seen, as it is never produced except as food, taken into the stomach, requires its presence to perform the work of digestion; and it is produced in exactly the quantity requisite for the work to be done. Thus, if a small amount of food be eaten, this gastric secretion is correspondingly small; and if the quantity of food is increased, the gastric juice is also increased in quantity. It exudes from the coats of the stomach, as sweat from the surface of the body, and is of a limpid clearness like water. It could be seen trickling down the inner coating of the stomach, and has, it is said, a slightly sweetish taste. In post-mortem examinations this singular agent is never found; and it was, as we are informed, never seen before this hole in the living man's stomach exposed it to the curious eye of the investigator.

Another fact which we noted while watching the case of St. Martin, may prove of some benefit to invalids, if not to persons in robust health. The time required to digest different kinds of food varies with the character of the food; and some articles, hitherto supposed to be particularly easy of digestion, are not found to be so by the experiments made with this case. Thus, the

flesh of an old hen is more readily assimilated and more quickly disposed of than that of a tender chicken; and the same thing is true in regard to beef. The meat of a full grown ox or cow digests quicker than veal.

Hundreds of people have an idea that game and meat that has been kept until it has almost reached the verge of putrefaction, is more easily digested than fresh game or fresh beef. This belief has led to the taste that likes, or professes to like, what is called the game flavor in wookecock, venison, &c. But it is seen, in this case, that tainted meats or game require a longer time for digestion than fresh meats. By a curious process of the stomach, the tainted meat is seen to undergo a very effective cleansing before the work begins. It is rolled over and over, and repassed from one portion of the stomach to the other, the subtle agencies of that interior laboratory all the while acting upon it and eliminating, particle by particle, the offensive portions, until all is clean and ready for the proper work of digestion to commence.

The interior of the stomach, contrary to the impression of many persons, is cleanly and not uninviting in its appearance. Its delicate pink coatings are as clean and perfect as all the rest of Nature's handiwork; and it is not until the pampered and unnatural appetite of individuals has, by overloading it, and by eating and drinking improper things, rendered it weak and incapable of performing all the work thrust upon it, that the stomach, or rather its contents, become "foul."

Cooked (melted or brown) butter, and the lard used in 'shortening' pie-crust, is not digested at all. It is seen swimming upon the surface of the stomach in the form of yellow or light colored grease, and it finally passes off undigested. The skin of all fruits never digest, neither do the stones of 'pits' of plums, cherries, &c. The vanilla seasoning of cream is found to act as an irritating substance upon the stomach; and it greatly retarded digestion. In both of these respects, also, the coloring matters of candies are shown to be still worse. These facts are settled simply by looking into the stomach with the naked eye, and viewing all the processes or stages through which the different articles of food must pass in the act of digestion.

Chopped meat, moistened, introduced through this bullet-hole into the man's stomach, is found to nourish him just as it would if taken at the mouth! All that the "patient" requires in that case, is to be allowed to chew a piece of gum (merely to satisfy the habit of chewing, we suppose,) and he gets along as if he had eaten his dinner; it is undoubtedly better, however, that the food should be masticated, and this can only be done through the proper agency appointed for that purpose by nature.

Venison digests in an hour; cooked oysters in two hours and a half; raw oysters (contrary to our previous impression) three hours and a half; beef steak two hours and a half; fat pork four hours; lean pork a little more than three hours. Probably this rule would not apply to all persons; different articles of food are digested differently in different stomachs; but the general principle here illustrated undoubtedly holds good in the great majority of cases.

Calomel taken into the healthy stomach, according to Dr. Bunting's experiment, is found to irritate it; if given in case of disease it does not have that effect.

Mirthfulness, at and after a meal, facilitates digestion wonderfully. Take St. Martin to a theatre, for instance, after a hearty evening meal, and let him enjoy a good comedy—the result is astonishing; digestion is promoted to a surprising degree.—"Laugh and grow fat," is an adage seen to be founded upon a physiological truth.

But make this man suddenly angry, under the above circumstances, and presto! what a change! The whole process of digestion is at once arrested—brought to a sudden stop, as if by the stroke of an electric shock! and it does not go on so well as before, until a considerable time after the emotion which caused the interruption has died away.

Water is the first thing taken up and absorbed by the stomach, and this must be done before the food is acted upon, even if the water be taken subsequently to the food. Eating and drinking freely, alternately at meals as a habit, is not sanctioned by the revelations made through the bullet-hole in St. Martin's stomach.

Another bad practice is the habit of eating between meals, and at all hours. The custom, according to the disclosure here made, is a most pernicious one. Regulari-

ty, above all things, is to be observed, both in the quantity of food and time of eating it.

Black pepper is much worse for the stomach than red or Cayenne pepper; it inflames the coatings of the stomach.

A piece of meat tied to a string, has been introduced into the stomach through this orifice, and after the lapse of a certain period it has been pulled out again, and the progress of the digestive organs accurately noted. In this way corned beef, for instance, has been reduced to a mass of fine, delicate and even threads, after having been for some time subjected to the action of gastric juice.

Another queer disclosure is the action of the stomach in case of hunger, when the whole sack or bag known as the stomach is seen to roll and work about. If kept too long in this empty and restless condition, the action of the organ is weakened—the bile has been seen to rush into the stomach, which was perfectly clear of it the instant before, and such a quantity as to admit of its being emptied out freely into a cup! simply on turning him over!

Dr. Bunting has taken voluminous notes, and will publish a book, setting forth the result arrived at while St. Martin has been under his charge. It will be a valuable addition to the existing works on medicine and surgery.

St. Martin, since he was wounded, has married, and become the father of seventeen children, five of whom, with his wife, are now living. At first the only way by which his food after entering the œsophagus could be prevented from passing out through the wound, was to use compresses and adhesive straps. The necessity has since been overcome by the growth of a small fold of the coats of the stomach, which now extends almost over the orifice, but can be readily repressed with the finger so as to allow an examination of the interior of the stomach—when it is empty, to the depth of five or six inches.

The Medical Society were much interested in the experiment, and they passed a resolution of cordial thanks to Dr. Bunting, for affording them this opportunity of personally witnessing this singular and interesting case; and for important facts which he so freely furnished them; also to Col. Colt, for the lively interest he had taken in securing the presence of St. Martin in Hart-

ford, in order that the professors here might have the benefit of witnessing and testing important facts in this case.—*Hartford Times.*

YOUNG HUSBAND'S CONVERSION.

When a young man, I was distinguished in the community where I lived, for wickedness and profanity. I married, however, strange as it may seem, a young woman of exemplary piety, and we at once moved into our humble house, full of anticipations of happiness, so common with the young.

As the first day of our residence in our new abode drew to a close, the supper-table being removed, my wife, without saying a word, placed a little stand by my side, laying a Bible upon it, and sat down on the opposite side of the hearth, in evident expectation that I would conduct family worship! What could I do? I was in a manner spell-bound. I *could not* disappoint her. She knew nothing of my profanity and wickedness. And yet how could such a wretch as I, kneel before Almighty God, and utter words of devotion? Yet I did! I read and I prayed. But, O, as I took the name of Jehovah upon my lips, asked for blessings in the name of Christ, and made confession of sin, a sense of my guilt and hypocrisy, stung my soul! I rose from my knees one of the most miserable of men! I succeeded, however, in partially recovering my self-possession, by aid of a secret determination on no consideration to yield to a repetition of the act, and thus tried to dismiss the matter from my mind.

Another day rolled by—another sunset came. Again the tea-table was spread and removed, and before I was aware, there at my side, was the same stand, and upon it, the same dreaded Bible, and my wife seated before me, in silent expectation of the evening devotions. According to a well-known law of practical morality, having yielded once, I found myself less capable of refusing now, and once more I read the Word of God, once more I kneeled, and with profane tongue, invoked the Divine blessing. A new horror now fell upon me! a dread, lest, like Uzziah, I should perish for the crime of laying godless hand upon the sacred ark. The sins of a lifetime, and those of no common dye, stared me in the face, and as they “revived, I died.” My soul

and Satan, took the part of the wife of Job, and bade me "curse God and die." And I was half-minded to heed the injunction.

Morning came, but brought with it, only a deeper and more oppressive sense of guilt. I opened not my lips, but could think of nothing but the gall of bitterness I had drunk—the bonds of iniquity which held me. I had heard of God, with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye saw him, and I abhorred myself in dust and ashes.

At length the third evening drew nigh, and I well knew, that again the inevitable table, with its sacred furniture, would be placed beside me, and the fascination of my wife's presence, and look of assured expectation, would assail me, to yield to which again, however, I felt was an impossibility. Increased horror took hold upon me, so that I could not look up. I could say nothing, but could endure my anguish no longer. As I sought no aid from Heaven, Satan voluntarily offered his, and I took it. My mind was made up—I resolved on suicide! A rope hung from a tree in the orchard, with which I proposed to terminate, as in mad delusion, I fancied the increasing, and now intolerable horrors of my soul.

We took our third, and, to my mind, last supper together. I lingered in the room until I saw that the dreaded moment was at hand, when, without a word—I could not have mastered my emotions to speak—I withdrew. I hastened to the orchard. Every step increased my anguish. I ran—my reason seemed to reel. I missed the rope, and found myself in the woods beyond. On I ran, until overpowered by my emotions, my limbs gave way, and I fell prostrate on the ground. How long I lay there, I know not, but an eternity was crowded into that period! A horror of great darkness passed over me, in view of the terrible judgment, and the awful, endless hell, that awaited me. But man's extremity, is God's opportunity. The darkest hour is just before day. In the thickest of the darkness, and when despair seemed almost ready to settle down in endless night upon my soul, the light broke! There was Jesus in all the fullness of the godhead bodily. I saw and believed, and loved and lived. I sprang to my feet the happiest of men, and from that time to this, I have suffered scarcely a doubt of my acceptance

with God, through Jesus Christ. Long have I been a ruling elder in the church.—Many precious revivals have I witnessed and enjoyed, and now, if God will once more open the windows of heaven upon us, I think I can say with old Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou, thy servant depart in peace!"—*Presbyterian.*

ELDER JONES was not remarkable for his eloquence, nor was he a remarkably good reader, especially among hard names. But, he said that "all Scripture is profitable," and therefore he never selected any portion, but read the first chapter he opened at, after he took his stand to preach. One day he stumbled in this way upon a chapter in Chronicles, and read, "Eleazer begat Phineas, and Phineas begat Abishua, and Abishua begat Bukkie, and Bukkie begat Uzzie," and stumbling worse and worse as he proceeded, he stopped, and running his eye ahead, and seeing nothing better in prospect, he cut the matter short, by saying, "And so they went on and begat one another to the end of the chapter."

SHE stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature as delicate, and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, dark eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old.

"She stood by the wash-tub when her twenty-fifth birthday arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying—some breaking things and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of food. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek.—Alas! Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have music, limb, and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on until the time comes.—Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions."

THE TIMES.

President Wayland, in a late sermon on "the crisis," delivered in Providence, said: "But we suppose the worst to come. Let us look at it calmly, that we may estimate it aright. Suppose you lose your property, and that your neighbors all are as unfortunate as yourself; what then? Suppose that point lace, and sables, and diamonds, and pearls, and jewelry, were thrown aside forever. Suppose that dresses at a hundred dollars were exchanged for dresses that cost only ten dollars; that wool were substituted for silk, and calico for wool; that we wore our old clothes until we were able to pay for new; that instead of spending two or three months of the year in fashionable folly, we and our families remained at home; suppose that our sons, instead of becoming idle and dissipated, were inured to honest labor, and that our daughters, instead of becoming fashionable playthings, were taught to be intelligent, useful, and self-reliant women; would this, after all, be a calamity too insufferable to be endured? Should all this happen, wherein would it touch the essential springs of happiness in the bosom of any reasonable being? It is not half so bad as the doing of a wrong or even a mean action. We could surely endure all this."

DEATH OF MISS LESLIE.

The Philadelphia Bulletin announces the decease of this lady, who was probably as widely known by her writings as any one that has ever lived in the United States.—Miss Eliza Leslie died on the 1st inst., at Gloucester, N. J., where she had been confined to her room for some months, from an injury received last summer. Miss Leslie was a native of Philadelphia, and was sixty-nine years of age. Her family, on the father's side, were of Scotch descent, her great grandfather having come from Scotland, and settled in Cecil county, Md., in 1745. His wife was of Swedish descent, so that Miss Leslie might well declare that she had "not a drop of English blood in her veins." Her father who was a man of much ingenuity, a devoted student of mathematics and natural philosophy, and a fa-

miliar friend of Franklin, Rittenhouse, Jefferson, and others of the great men of Philadelphia society in those times, went to London towards the close of the last century, and there his son, C. R. Leslie, one of the greatest painters in England, was born, in the year 1794.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, when being asked what he intended to do with his girls, replied,—“I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society.”

A PUZZLE.—Read the following, and make good sense by punctuating correctly:

“Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, a large but well polished pair of boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick. in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing he sat down.”

Why ought all the States in the Union to be worth one hundred cents on the dollars? Ans. Because the sisters of a large family are always at pa(r) for cash.

When is a family worth twenty cents? Ans. When it has a Frank (franc) in it.

Why shouldn't you sell anything to a man in bed? Ans.—“Because a cash business is best, and it is evident that he would be buying upon tick.”

Col. James Lee, of New York, obtained fifty-two subscriptions of five hundred dollars each for the equestrian bronze statue of Washington, now standing a monument of patriotism and art at the corner of Union Park. While engaged in this work, at New York Journal says, the Col. had occasion to visit an old curmudgeon in the neighborhood, and pulling out his subscription paper, requested him to add his name to the list. “I do not see,” he said, “what benefit this statue will be to me; and five hundred dollars is a great deal of money to pay for the gratification of other people.”

"Benefit to you?" replied the Col.; "why, sir, it will benefit you more than anybody else. The statue can be seen from every window of your house; it will be an ornament, and add dignity to the whole neighborhood, and it will perpetually remind you of the father of his country—the immortal Washington!" "Ah! Colonel," answered old Lucie, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here," and he placed his hand upon his heart. "Then let me tell you," replied Col. Lee, "if that is so, all I have to say is, that you have got Washington in a very tight place!"

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

A lady of the rescued party has given a most interesting description of the events in Lucknow, prior to and at the arrival of Havelock's forces. She says:

"On every side death stared us in the face. We were resolved rather to die than yield, and were persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. We women strove to encourage each other, and to convey orders to the batteries and supply the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a Corporal. Poor Jessie had been in a state of excitement all through the siege. A constant hot fever consumed her, and her mind wandered, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed present to her. Overcome with fatigue, she laid herself down wrapped in her plaid. She fell into a slumber, apparently breathless, her head resting on my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon.

Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreaming—it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved,

we're saved!' Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passive fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of the artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! Courage! Hark to the slogan; to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'. Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually there arose a murmur of disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the Colonel shook his head.—Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had sank on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing, that it was heard along the whole line—'Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?'

At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance. That penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, was indeed the blast of the Scottish bag-pipas. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen,' they replied by the well-known strain, that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' &c. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld lang syne.'"

Editor's Port-Folio.

It is customary for those who appear before the public in an editorial capacity, to make some statement in regard to the motives which induced them to enter upon a labor fraught with so much responsibility; and also, to give some intimations of the manner in which they intend to execute the work. In reference to the first, we can only say, that we consented to take charge of the editorial department of the *Aurora*, at the earnest solicitation of several friends, in whose judgment we had more confidence than in our own, and who expressed a belief that it opened a field of labor in which we might be useful.

The task is altogether new, and it is with much diffidence that we enter upon it; but the words of sympathy and encouragement we receive from various sources, are well calculated to cheer and strengthen us for the work. The importance of having a literary Magazine of their *own*, is appreciated by many of the ladies of the South-West. True we get excellent literature from the North and East. There are Mothers' Journals and Ladies Periodicals of a high order which we would be glad to see extensively circulated among us. But *our* ladies do not write for these periodicals, and consequently they do not fully meet our wants; they do not develop the talents that are indigenous to our own soil, nor reflect the peculiar phases of our moral and intellectual character. Far be it from us to wish to excite sectional prejudices. We believe that the ties which bind together the States of our glorious Union, are of more value than the most vivid imagination can possibly conceive, and palsied be the hand that could write one word which would tend to the severance of those ties.—But in order to cherish proper feelings of attachment to our whole country, it is not necessary for us to be dependent on other sections to do for us what we are competent to do for ourselves, and what it is for our interest that we should do for ourselves. The more independent we are, and the more

we are conscious of equality in all that truly dignifies and adorns humanity, the farther shall we be removed from those narrow sectional prejudices which now cast a shadow over the prospects of our nation.

There is no section of the Union where ladies can better secure leisure for literary pursuits, than in this section. The very general introduction of Sewing Machines through the country is constantly increasing that leisure, by relieving many from the everlasting stitching which the wants of a family formerly made incumbent upon them. Why should not our ladies write? And why should they not have a paper of their own, in which their productions may go forth in all their refining and elevating influence, to benefit the world? Why may we not emulate our sisters of the Northern and Eastern States in every good word and work? It would be presumption in us, perhaps, to suppose that we can produce anything better, abstractly considered, than much of the literature we get from abroad; but we verily believe there is talent among us, not one whit inferior to the best sections of our Union, and that we may obtain, from writers living in our midst, a literature better adapted to our own habits and customs, than other sections can furnish us. When a writer a thousand miles off, draws pictures of social and domestic life, however good in themselves, they are not to us, *home* pictures, and therefore they do not affect our hearts as they would.—When the writers of distant sections point out the follies and faults of the communities in which they live, it is not exactly *our* faults and *our* follies at which the satire is aimed.

A very intelligent friend, residing in a neighboring town, writes us on this subject as follows: "The publication of a literary periodical, *at home*, is an enterprise in which every lady should feel sufficient interest to induce her to use some exertion to promote the circulation of such a work.—True there are many literary works of high character, extensively circulated among us, and we are always glad to get them. But we want a *home* Periodical—a medium through which we can have literary intercourse with those with whom we are familiar, and through which may be seen the progress of literature and science in the

South and South-west. Are not our literary resources amply sufficient for such work? Look at our Institutions of learning! Our Colleges and Academies!—are not many of them of the highest order?—Do they not furnish extensive fields for the cultivation of the most refined intellects?—And is there any want of mind for cultivation? Dame Nature has placed among us many bright gems which if brought to the light of the world, would doubtless shine brightly in the galaxy of literature.

There are, perhaps, many female as well as male writers who have let their taste for miscellaneous writing lie dormant, or have committed their productions to 'the flames,' merely because they had no convenient medium through which they might find access to the world. Where are those young ladies who, during the last two or three years, have completed their Academical course, and bid adieu to their school girl days, after having spent years in our best Academies;—during which time they have written upon almost every subject you can mention, and who have read, with great applause, some of their best productions at public examinations? Have they thrown aside their pens, left their books to moulder, and set themselves down to rust? I hope not. Peradventure many of them have their port-folios well filled with manuscript, which if placed in a proper channel might be both useful and interesting.

Mrs. French, a lady with whose writings you are doubtless familiar, is living a retired life, in her Forest Home, near this place, where she is devoting her time to literary pursuits, though her domestic affairs, are by no means neglected by her.—She is a true Mother indeed. I wish you could visit her in her own home. It is quite probable her services might be procured as a regular contributor to the Aurora, and her writings would add much to the interest of the work. Her poetry is full of lofty conceptions, and the most soul-thrilling feeling. Her prose writings are chaste and beautiful."

In regard to the manner of executing the work, we can promise nothing more than to state that, if life and health are spared, we intend to make the Aurora just as good a periodical as our own ability, and the best help we can secure, will admit. Vexed

questions in religion and politics, we intend to let alone, believing them to be neither profitable nor interesting to lady readers generally. While it is our intention to spare neither time nor labor ourselves, we rely very much upon aid from others. We hope some of the pens, referred to by our excellent correspondent, will be put in motion, and some of those port-folios opened for our benefit. If those who have the ability will but exert it in favor of this enterprise, we feel confident that the Aurora will bring the dawn of a brighter day to our literary horizon.

SEWING MACHINES.

An editor up North says, the sewing machine he prefers, is "one with blue eyes, about eighteen years old, who wears curls and gaiter boots." Ah! Mr. Editor, you are behind the times. Such sewing machines as you describe are going out of fashion. Blue eyes may now look out upon the blue sky, and drink in the beauties of the fresh green earth, to keep their lustre bright and sparkling, instead of growing dim, as formerly, over an endless process of stitching. Gaiter boots may now trip lightly and joyously over the verdant meadow and flowery hill-side, instead of moving with slow and languid step, around the narrow room, in which the slow, consuming toil of the needle-woman has imprisoned them.

Sewing machine with blue eyes indeed! How many blue eyes have been closed forever, how many curls have been straightened by the damps of death, and parted over the clay cold brow, in consequence of too close confinement to the needle? But the time of woman's emancipation has come. Stitches may now be taken without drawing the life-blood from female hearts. We would advise all blue eyes to frown on the above-named Editor, and with a significant tap of the gaiter boot, to request him to look elsewhere for a sewing machine.

The man who will avail himself of the threshing machine, fanning-mill, cotton-gin, and other labor-saving inventions, and yet refuse to get his wife one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines, is just as ungallant and unreasonable as if he were to place himself in a rail-

road car to go to a neighboring town, and require his wife to travel the same distance on foot. He ought to be compelled to throw away his plough, and dig up his ground with the spade, and instead of getting grinding done at a mill, he should be obliged to pound the grain to make bread for his family, between two stones.

We speak of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine, because we have one of those and we are personally acquainted with its excellence. Other patents, we presume, are very good, but this we *know* to be so. With one of these, the sewing of a family, which was before an unending drudgery, is now only a very agreeable recreation. It sews readily at the rate of six yards a minute, and by a little hurrying, it can sew at the rate of seven and a half yards in a minute. Stitching, seaming, quilting, hemming, gathering, are all done as if by magic, and in a style superior to the best hand sewing. Indeed, there is something so fascinating about it, that when you have made everything you can think of that is needed in the family, you are tempted to make up something you do not need, for the sake of keeping the delightful little fairy in motion. We presume, however, that this danger will cease when the charm of novelty has subsided.

THEOLOGICAL LECTURES.

For the past two weeks Theological Lectures have been delivered before the Theological class of the Union University, and others who were visiting our city for the purpose of attending them. The first lecturer was Dr. Dayton of Nashville, whose subject was the argument against infidelity. In order to impress more firmly his arguments, he had a very ingenious temple erected. The foundation had printed upon it in very distinct letters, "There is a God," the subject he first spoke on, and which he handled in a masterly manner. Above this foundation a smaller one, "Revelation Possible," and then another, "Revelation Probable," when came four columns, History, Miracles, Prophecy and Doctrines. On the top was, "The Bible is of God!" The whole is very ingenious, and does credit to its inventor. Also, be-

side the regular Theological Lectures, Dr. Dayton gave side lectures on different subjects, which were both interesting and instructive. Dr. Dayton deserves the thanks of not only the ministers to whom he particularly spoke, but of the whole community whom he has instructed and benefitted. Dr. Dayton having finished his course of Lectures on Monday, Mr. Henderson of Alabama, editor of the "South-Western Baptist," commenced his course yesterday. We expect from his first lecture and from what we have seen of his writings, an intellectual treat, such as we get but rarely. His subject is miracles, an instructive and useful one, which in his hands will be ably treated. He will be succeeded by Dr. Howell on the Christology of the Old Testament. This is a subject of great interest to Christians, and those who would understand it fully should by all means attend his lectures. He is an eloquent and popular lecturer, and will no doubt invest Theology, usually considered dry and uninteresting, with an entertaining garb. J.

OUR SCHOOLS.

It will be observed that we have given our readers in this No. specimens of essays from two of our prominent female schools, the Brownsville Female College, and the Baptist Female Institute. These essays were selected by the Teachers from the regular compositions handed in by the young ladies. We have the promise, from the Teachers of each of these schools, of an original essay each month, for our pages. We have made a similar request of the Teachers of the Mary Sharpe College, at Winchester, to which we hope to receive a favorable response. And we will say to Teachers of other Female Schools in the South and South-west, that we will be happy to bring the name of their respective Schools before our readers, and show the developement of mind in the institutions under their care, in the same manner, if they will furnish us selections from the productions of their pupils. It is our desire that the Aurora should advance the interests of Female Education, and we think, thus to publish essays from several of our most important female Schools, would tend to promote that object. The best test, and we might say, the only real test of mental cultivation is *what the mind can produce*, and as the cultivation and right direction of the female intellect is a subject of vital importance, one which lies at the very foundation of the best interests of society, we feel no doubt but our readers will take a deep interest in these essays, regarding them as indices to the progressive improvement of youthful minds.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID, or Three Years Residence in the Holy City. By Rev. Prof. J. H. INGRAHAM.

This is a series of letters purporting to have been written by a Jewish Maiden, who was sojourning at Jerusalem during the time that the events recorded in the Gospels transpired. The object of the writer seems to be to present the arguments in favor of the true Messiahship of Christ in such a form as would be most likely to remove the prejudices of the Jewish mind. The style is highly attractive, and possesses that peculiar fascination, which renders it very difficult for the reader, after having commenced the book to lay it down before he has reached the last page. It is indeed, a delicate task, thus to attempt to throw the veil of imagination and the charm of romance over the narrative of the New Testament. The results of our author's efforts in this instance, are perhaps, as little liable to objection as any thing of the kind that could be done. The track of his imagination seems to run parallel with the line of inspired history, so far as the sacred record goes, except in one or two instances, where we thought a very palpable divergency could be discovered.

There will doubtless be differences of opinion in regard to the tendency of the book. That it is deeply interesting, none who have read it will pretend to deny. Some may fear, that the attempt to clothe the narrative of the life and death of Jesus of Nazareth, in the drapery of imagination, may detract from the awe and reverence which the pen of Inspiration should ever inspire.

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN DUTY. By J. M. PENDLETON, Professor of Theology in Union University, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

This is a tract containing some hundred and twenty pages, which we have read with much interest, and we trust not without profit. It is a difficult matter to criticise such a work as this, for in reading it we have no time or disposition to think about the style, or the ability of the writer, or anything of that sort. We have just as much as we can do to make the application to our own hearts and lives as we go along. We can only judge of the merit of the work, by its effects upon our own feelings, and in view of these we can say, we heartily wish every professor of religion in Christendom would give the unpretending little volume an attentive perusal.

I have looked over the book with a view of making some extracts, but where all is so good, it is very difficult to select. In the chapter on reading the Scriptures, are some very valuable suggestions. In speaking of the importance of

reading them without any preconceived opinions as to what they ought to teach, after mentioning some of the different views which people go to the Bible intending to find there, he says:

"Now, instead of those preconceived opinions, there should be an honest willingness for God to say just what he pleases. And as he has spoken in his Word, the only question is, what has he said? This question should be asked with the docility indicated by the remarkable words, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' If the Scriptures were read in this way, how soon would the religious world be united!"

The chapters on Christian Humility, and Separation from the World, contain excellent thoughts—thoughts which, in the present state of the religious world, it would be well if every Christian would carefully and prayerfully read and ponder.

PREDESTINATION AND, THE SAINTS' PERSEVERANCE STATED AND DEFENDED. From the objections of the Armenians, in a Review of two sermons, published by Rev. Russell Reneau. By P. H. MELL, Professor of Greek and Latin, Mercer University, Georgia.

We have received a pamphlet of some ninety pages, bearing the above title, which we have not had time to examine thoroughly. The perusal of a portion of it has convinced us that it is written with ability, and we doubt not it is well worthy the attention of those who take an interest in the subject discussed.

The opening remarks contain some very just sentiments on the subject of Religious Controversy. Whether the author strictly adheres to those sentiments in the prosecution of his discussion, we will leave for others to decide.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

We send the present number of the Aurora to all the old patrons of the Visitor, hoping they will carefully read and examine it. We feel sure that the great amount of talent, now enlisted in its favor, and the well known abilities of the lady who edits, will make it a very desirable Magazine for every mother and daughter of the South and West, and that the change will be very acceptable to all the old friends of the Visitor.

We hope to receive the names of those who get this, in time to send them the next number. We have decided to adopt the rule, not to send it to any one who has not ordered it, and payed for it in advance.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE.

MURFREESBORO, TENN.

NEXT SESSION WILL COMMENCE ON THE 1ST MONDAY IN FEBRUARY 1858.

COURSE OF STUDY.

THE YEAR IS DIVIDED INTO TWO SESSIONS OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS EACH.

TUITION IN

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT—Reading, Spelling Defining of Words, Elements of Geography and Arithmetic, Bible \$9 per Session

JUNIOR CLASS—Arithmetic, Geography, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Composition, Spelling and Defining of Words, History of United States, Bible, 14 “ “

MIDDLE CLASS—Reading, Spelling and Defining of Words, Arithmetic, Algebra, Chemistry, Natural and Mental Philosophy, Natural History, Writing, Grammar, Analysis, Composition, Elements of Latin, Greek Grammar, Spanish and French Languages, 18 “ “

SENIOR CLASS—Reading, Spelling, Defining of Words, Writing, Grammar, Analysis, Composition, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Natural Theology, Rhetoric, Universal History, Elements of Physiology and Hygiene, Political Class Book, Latin, Greek Grammar, Spanish, French Languages, Bible, 22 “ “

There will be a Class formed for the benefit of Young Ladies who may wish to qualify themselves as Teachers on Wednesday evening of each week. One of the Young Ladies will have the privilege of hearing the recitation of her Class, that she may have some practice in the “Art of Teaching.”

Young Ladies who may wish to pursue the full course of instruction prescribed by the University, can do so.

Drawing, Painting, Ornamental Needle-work,	\$4 00 per Session
Monochromatic Painting,	8 00 “ “
Piano, Guitar or Organ,	25 00 “ “
Use of Instruments, when furnished,	4 50 “ “
Matriculation,	1 00 “ “

All Bills due when the Pupil enters.

Boarding, including fuel and light, (washing extra) per Session of 5 months, \$55 00 in advance, or \$60 00 at the close of the Session.

TEACHERS.

PROF. P. W. DODSON, A. M.

MISS LOUISA MOULTON,

MISS CLARA MOULTON,

MISS NANCY MOULTON.

MONS. FREDERICK SULZNER, PROF. OF MUSIC.

The Bible is the Book of all Classes. Every morning it is studied, either by reading and comment or repeating from memory. The school invariably opens with Prayer.

The Trustees are gratified in being able to assure the friends of Female Education, that the MURFREESBORO' FEMALE INSTITUTE is now permanently established, and under the direction of as able a Faculty as can be found at the head of the best institutions in the South.

No efforts will be omitted by the Teachers to render the Course of Instruction, as thorough, solid and progressive as in any other School. The location is eminently healthy and accessible, society moral and intelligent, and the advantages from the careful, kind and homelike discipline unusual.

One evening in each month is appropriated to public examination of the Pupils in the studies they are pursuing. Care is used in the selection of text-books. And for greater facilities in guarding the morals and habits of the Pupils, all Young Ladies, from a distance are required to submit out-side the school-room to the advice and government of the Teachers.

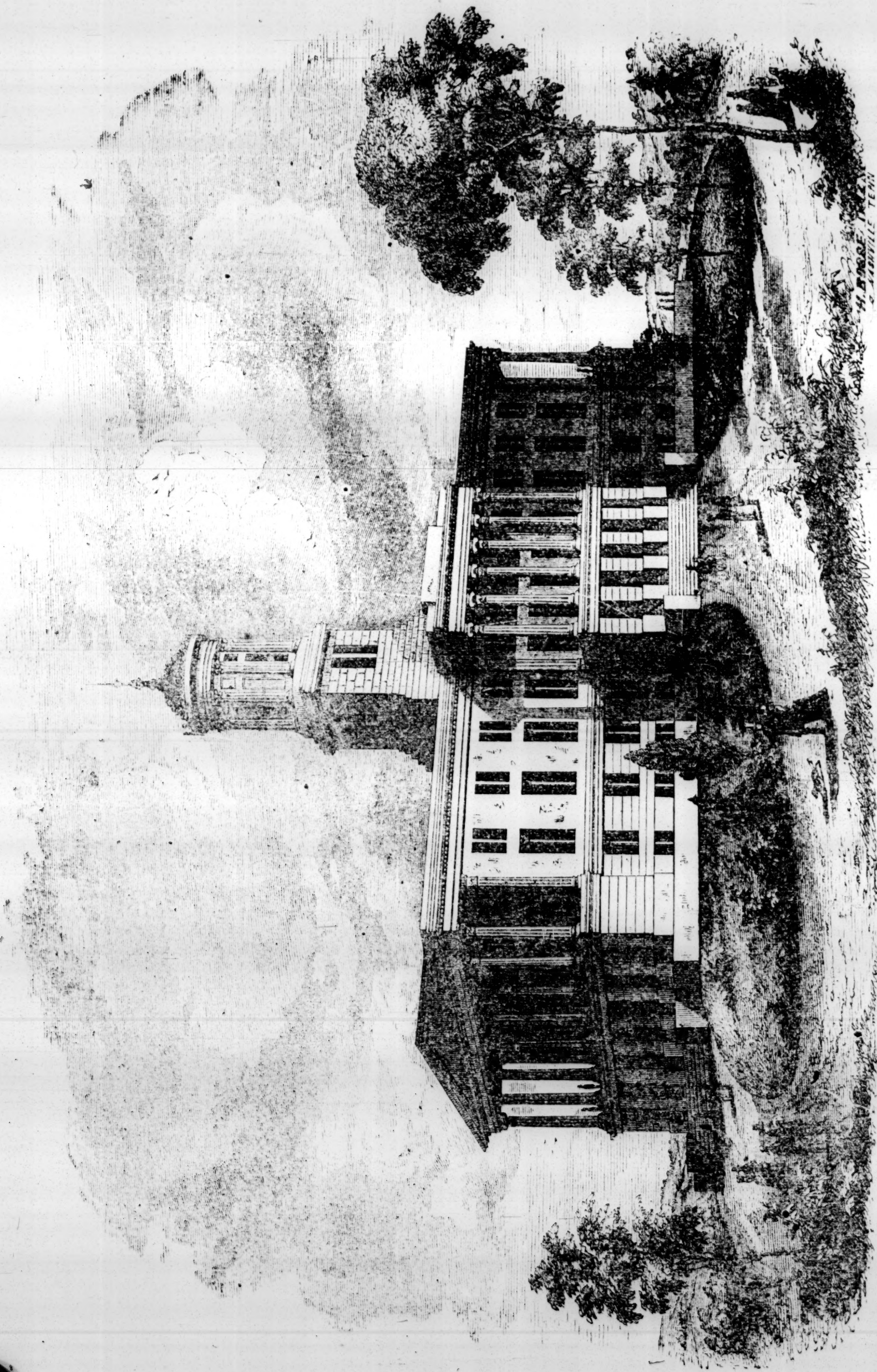
The Young Ladies will receive instruction in music, both instrumental and vocal, from one of the ablest teachers and most brilliant performers in the United States.

Young Ladies who pursue their studies regularly and satisfactorily, will receive Diplomas from the Institute.

JOSEPH H. EATON, PRES. BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

JAMES F. FLETCHER, Secretary.

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